THE

Methodist Magazine.

MAY, 1892.

INDIA: ITS TEMPLES, ITS PALACES, AND ITS PEOPLE.*

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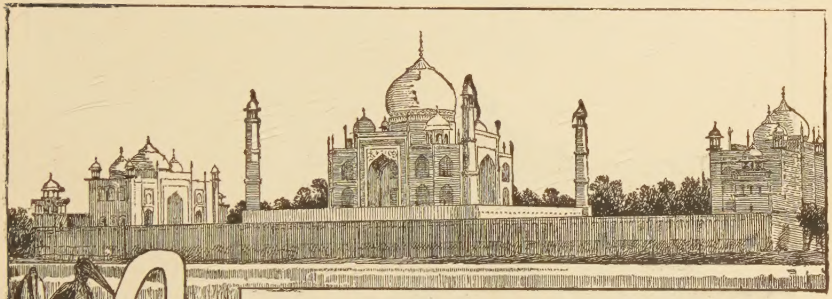


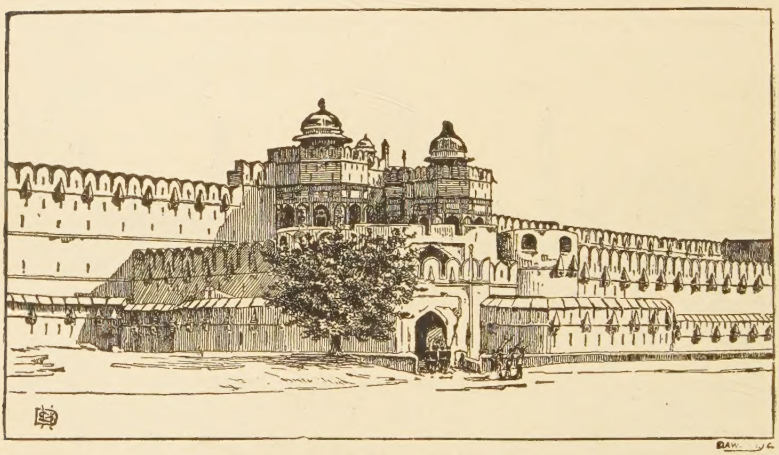
THE TAJ, AGRA.—FROM THE RIVER.

AGRA is the second city in the North-West Provinces, both in size and importance. Its population in 1881 was 160,000. It is finely situated on a great bend of the River Jumna, which is crossed by a fine railway bridge of sixteen spans of 142 feet each. The old walls of the city encircle about eleven square miles, about one half of which is covered with houses. It is, without doubt, the most interesting place in all India. It marks, as no other city does, the crowning period of the Great Mogul Dynasty. The great central object is the huge crenellated fortress of sandstone, with its vast red walls and flanking defences surrounded by the white marble domes and towers of its Royal Palace. The stupendous fort, impregnable at the time it was built, is a mile and a half in circuit, its frowning walls being seventy feet in height. During the mutiny in 1857, it sheltered

* *Picturesque India.* By W. S. CAINE, M.P. 8vo, pp. 606. London: George Routledge & Sons. Toronto: William Briggs.

within the walls of its barracks and palaces the whole European and Christian population of Agra and the district round, over 5,000 in number. The only entrance to the Fort is by the Delhi Gate, a splendid building of red sandstone, reached by a drawbridge which spans the wide moat.

From every window and terrace of the palace fortress at Agra, the view closes in with the shining domes and minarets of the sublimely beautiful tomb erected by Shah Jahan over the body of his beloved wife, Arjamand Banu, who died giving birth to her eighth child. It was completed A.D. 1648. The famous Taj Mahal is probably the most renowned building in the world. Like that other great tomb, the Pyramid of the Cheops, the enjoyment of its loveliness is marred by the recollection that it was

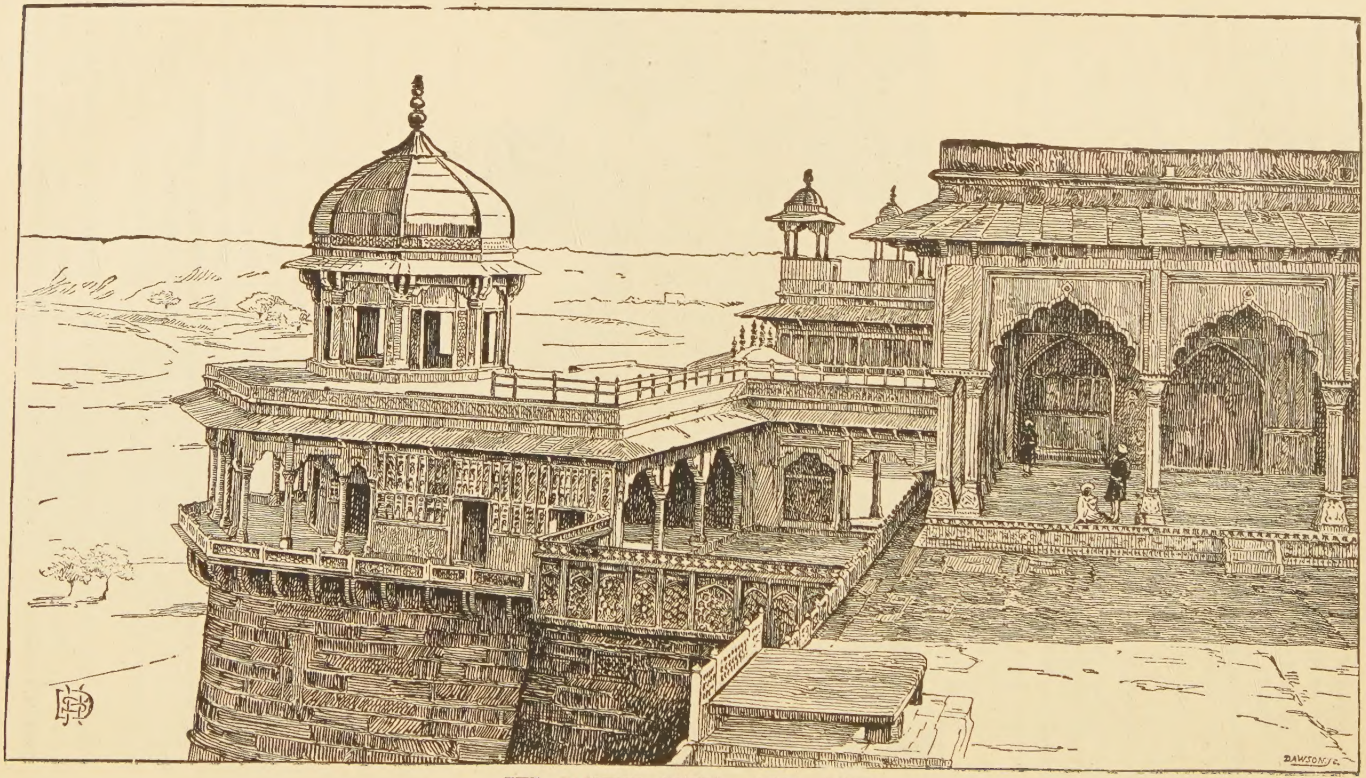


DELHI GATE, AGRA FORT.

built by force labour, and reared on the lives of hundreds of its makers. Twenty thousand workmen were employed for seventeen years in building and decorating the Taj Mahal. They were half starved, and their families wholly starved, producing great distress and mortality. The total cost is estimated at over £4,000,000 sterling.

I am so sensible of my own impotence to do any measure of justice to this wonderful "dream in marble," that I have obtained permission from the poet of India, Sir Edwin Arnold, to quote both a prose and verse description from his ever facile pen:

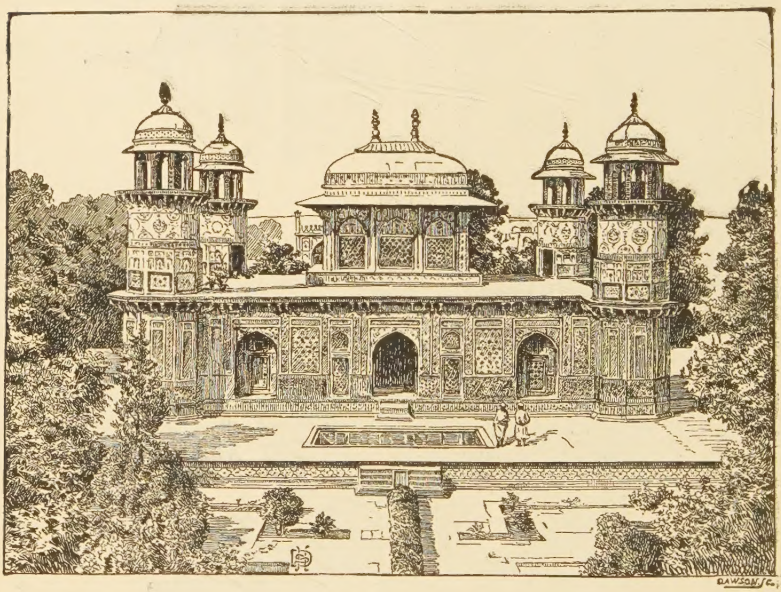
" . . . The wonder of Agra and the 'Crown of the World,' the Taj, the Peerless Tomb, built for the fair dead body of Arjamand Banu Begum, by her lord and lover, the emperor Shah Jahan. In truth, it is difficult to speak of what has been so often described, the charm of which



THE JASMINE TOWER, AGRA FORT.

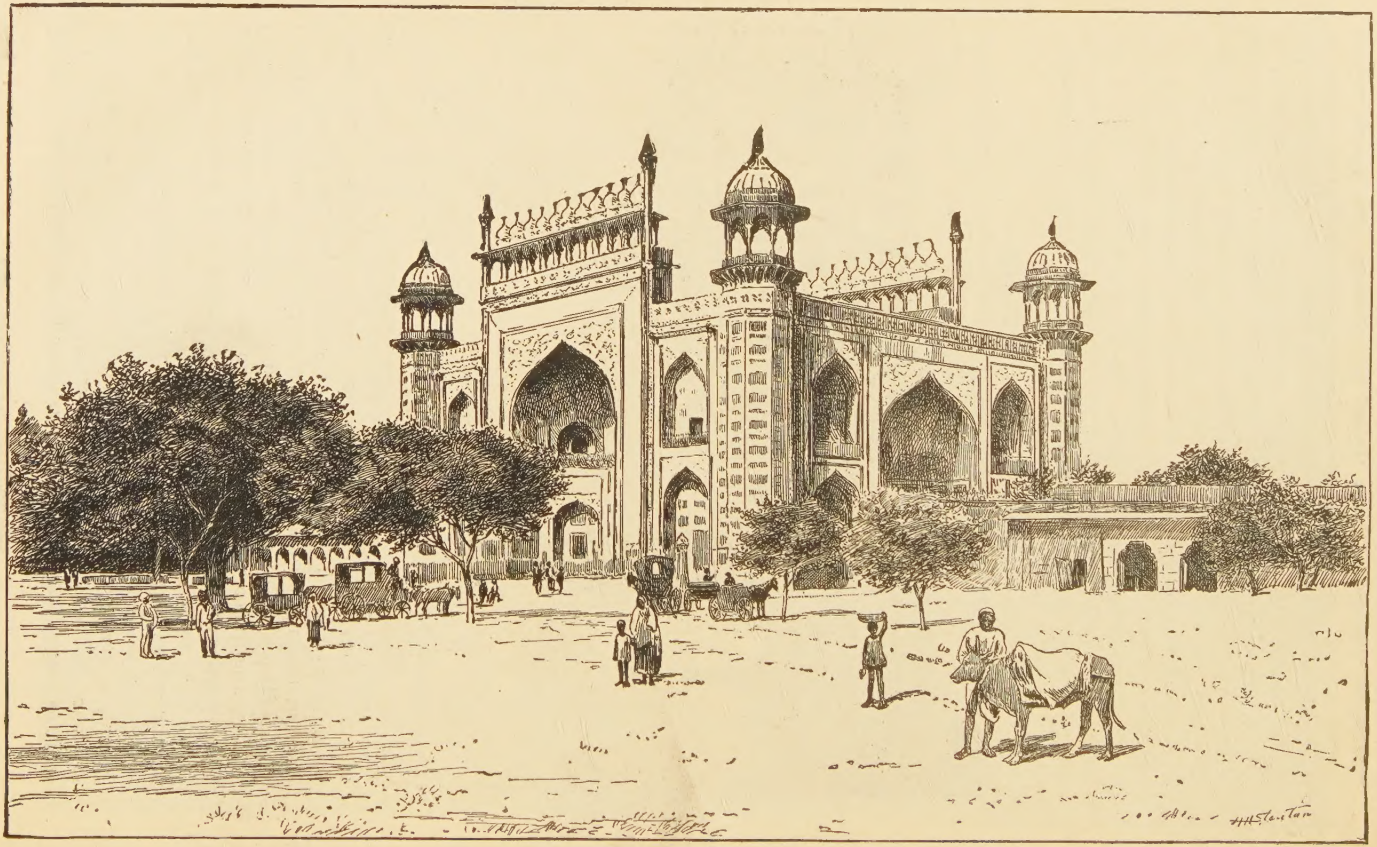
remains, nevertheless, quite indescribable. As a matter of course, our first hours in Agra were devoted to contemplation of that tender elegy in marble, which by its beauty, has made immortal the loveliness that it commemorates.

"In all the world no queen had ever such a monument. You determine to judge it dispassionately, not carried away by the remembrance that twenty thousand workmen were employed for twenty-two years in its construction, that it cost hard upon two million pounds sterling, and that gems and precious stones came in camel-loads from all parts of the earth to furnish the inlayers with their material. Then you pass beneath the stately portal—in itself sufficient to commemorate the proudest of princesses—and as the white cupola of the Taj rises before the gaze and reveals



TOMB OF ITMAD-UD-DAULAT.

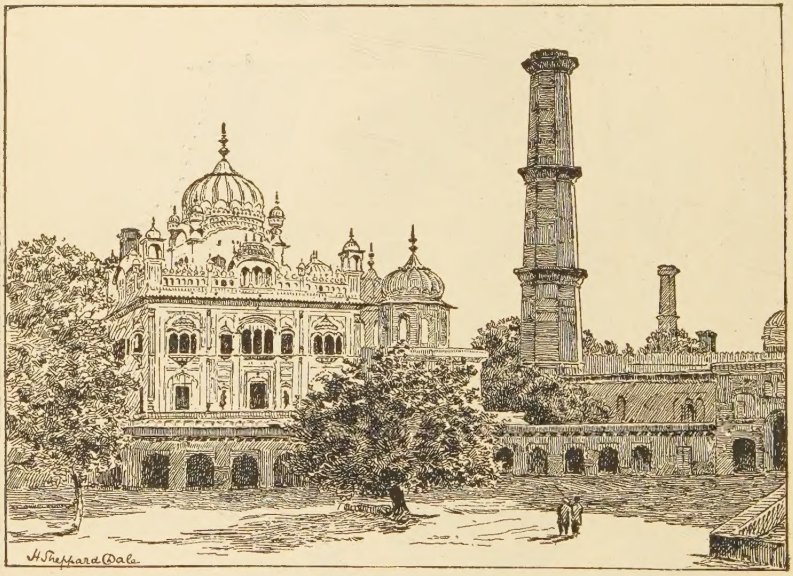
its beauty—grace by grace—as you pace along the pavemented avenue, the mind refuses to criticize what enchants the eye and fills the heart with a sentiment of reverence for the royal love which could thus translate itself into alabaster. If it be time of sunlight, the day is softened to perpetual afternoon by the shadows cast from the palms and peepuls, the thuja trees, and the pomegranates, while the hot wind is cooled by the scent of roses and jasmine. If it be moonlight, the dark avenue leads the gaze mysteriously to the soft and lofty splendour of that dome. In either case, when the first platform is reached, and the full glory of the snow-white wonder comes into sight, one can no more stay to criticize its details than to analyze a beautiful face suddenly seen. Admiration, delight, astonishment, blend in the absorbed thought with a feeling that human affection never struggled more ardently, passionately, and triumphantly against the oblivion of



ENTRANCE GATE, OF TAJ MAHAL AGRA.

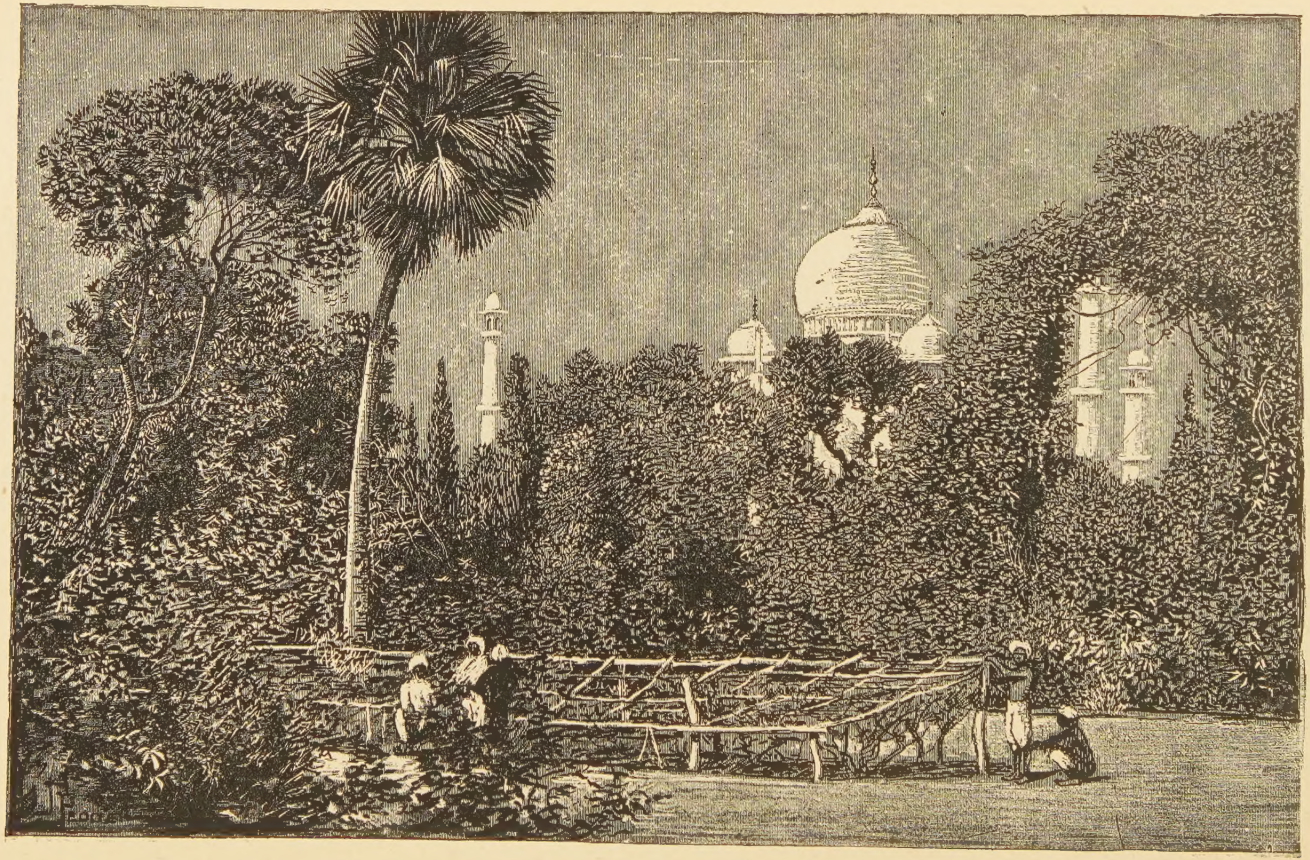
death. There is one sustained, harmonious, majestic sorrowfulness of pride in it, from the verse on the entrance which says that 'the pure of heart shall enter the Gardens of God,' to the small, delicate letters of sculptured Arabic upon the tombstone, which tell, with a refined humility, that Mumtazi-Mahal, the 'Exalted of the Palace,' lies here, and that 'Allah alone is powerful.'

"The garden helps the tomb, as the tomb dignifies the garden. It is such an orderly wilderness of rich vegetation as could only be had in Asia, broad flags of banana belting the dark tangle of banyan and bamboo, with the white pavements gleaming crosswise through the verdure. Yet if this magnificent Taj rose amid the sands of a dreary desert, the lovely edifice would beautify the waste, and turn it into a tender parable of the desolation of death, and the power of love, which



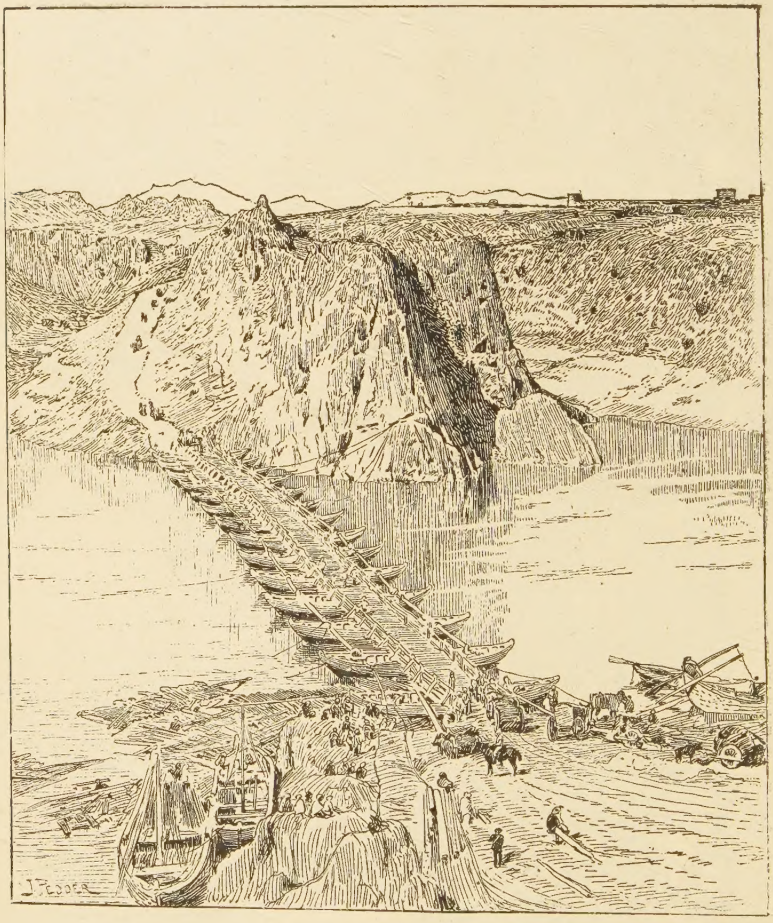
RANJIT SINGH'S SAMADH, LAHORE.

is stronger than death. Its magnitude astounds. The plinth of the Taj is over one hundred yards each way, and it lifts its golden pinnacles 244 feet into the sky. From a distance this lovely and aërial dome sits therefore above the horizon like a rounded cloud. And having paced about it, and saturated the mind with its extreme and irresistible loveliness, you enter reverently the burial-place of the Princess Arjamand, to find the inner walls of the monument as much a marvel of subtle shadow and chastened light, decked with delicate jewellery, as the exterior was noble and simple. On the pure surface of this Hall of Death, and upon the columns, panels, and trellis-work of the marble screens surrounding the tomb, are patiently inlaid all sorts of graceful and elaborate embellishments—flowers, leaves, berries, scrolls, and sentences—in jasper, coral, bloodstone, lapislazuli, nacre, onyx, turquoise, sardonyx, and even precious gems. Moreover,



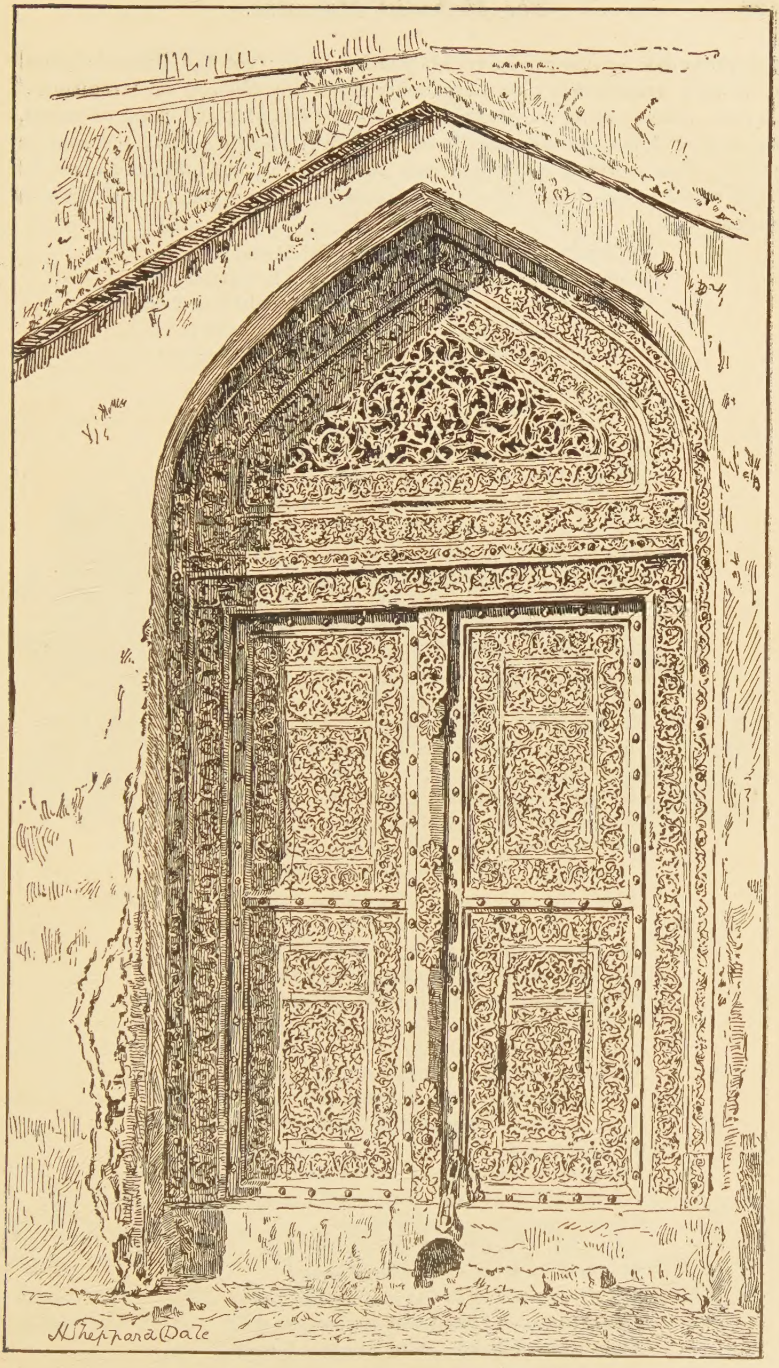
THE TAJ MAHAL BY MOONLIGHT.

the exquisite Abode of Death is haunted by spirits as delicate as their dwelling. They will not answer to rude noises, but if a woman's voice be gently raised in notes of hymn or song, if a chord is quietly sounded, echoes in the marble vault take up the music, repeat, diversify, and amplify it with strange combinations of melodious sounds, slowly dying away and



KHUSHALGARH.

re-arising, as if Israfil, 'who has the sweetest voice of all Allah's angels,' had set a guard of his best celestial minstrels to watch the death-couch of Arjamand. For under the beautiful screens and the carved trellis-work of alabaster is the real resting-place of the 'Exalted One of the Palace.' She has the centre of the circular area, marked by a little slab of snow-white marble; while by her side is the stone which marks the resting-spot of Shah Jahan, her lord and lover. He has immortalized, if he could not



GATEWAY OF CARVED WOOD, HAIDARABAD.

preserve alive for one brief day, his peerless wife; yet the pathetic moral of it all is written in a verse hereabouts from the *Hudees*, or 'traditions.' It runs, after reciting the styles and titles of 'His Majesty, King of Kings, Shadow of Allah, whose court is as Heaven': 'Saith Jesus (on whom be peace), This world is a bridge! pass thou over it, but build not upon it! This world is one hour; give its minutes to thy prayers; for the rest is unseen.'

Straight to the threshold, of the Taj-Mahal
Those trees of mourning marshall you! Between
Gleams the paved way, laid smooth in slabs of white
River-like running through the banks of green;
And, on this middle pavement—all its length—
Wan water lies entanked, its crystal face
Rippled with gliding fish, and lotus-leaves
By the wind rocked, and rain of fountain-drops;
For—all its length—jets of thin silver dart
Into the Blue, and sparkle back to the Blue
Reflected in those marble-margined pools.
. . . All white! snow-white! cloud-white!
Like a white rounded cloud seems that smooth dome
Seated so stately mid its sister-domes,
Waxing to waist, and waning to wan brow;
White, too the minarets, like ivory towers,—
Four tall court ladies tending the Princess—
Set at the four shorn corners. Near and far.

Hushed, you advance—your gaze still fixed! heart, soul
Full of the wonder; drinking in its spell
Of purity and mystery, its poise
Magical, weird, aërial; the ghost
Of Thought draped white—as if that Sultan's sigh
Had lived in issuing from his love and grief
Immense, and taking huge embodiment
Which one rash word might change from Tomb to Cloud.

You enter, reverent:—for a Queen is here,
And the dead King who loved her; and Death's self
Who ends all—and begins all; and Love's might
Which greater is than Death, and heeds him not.
White! white! tenderly, softly, white—around,
Above, beneath, save that the praying floor
Is laid in dark squares, and the architrave
Runs comely with adornings staid and script
Of Toghra text.
And ever, in the vault of that white roof,
Echoes sigh round and round, low murmurings.
Voices aërial, by a word evoked—
A foot-fall. Yet it will not render back
Ill noises, or a rude and scurril sound:
But if some woman's lips and gentle breath
Utter a strain, if some soft bar be played,
Some verse of hymn, or Indian love-lament,
Or chord of Seventh, the white walls listen close,

And take that music, and say note for note
Softly again; and then—echoing themselves—
Reverberate their melting antiphones,
Low waves of harmony encountering waves
And rippling on the rounded milky shores,
And making wavelets of new harmonies.
Thus—fainter, fainter—higher, higher—sighing
The music dieth upwards; but, so sweet,
So fine and far, and lingering at the last,
You cannot tell when Silence comes: the air
Peopled by hovering Angels, still seems full
With stir celestial, with foldings down
Of pinions; and those heavenly parting notes

THE GREEN MOSQUE, HAIDARABAD.

As tender, as if great Israfil's self—
Who hath the sweetest voice in all God's worlds—
Still whispered o'er the tomb of Arjamand!

So that this place of death is made a bower
With beauteous grace of blossoms overspread;
And she who loved her garden, lieth now
Lapped in a garden. And all this for Love!"

The tomb of Itmad-ud-Daulat is one of the most beautiful in India, a masterpiece of pierced and carved marble and *pietra dura*. It consists of two stories; the lower one is inlaid on the outside with precious stones in geometrical pattern, diagonals, cubes, and stars. The numerous niches in the walls are decorated with enamelled paintings of vases and flowers. The principal entrance is a marble arch, groined, and finely carved with flowers

in low relief. The upper story, surrounded by four towers, is reached by a staircase; it consists of pillars of inlaid marble, and a series of perforated marble screens stretching from pillar to pillar, the whole being roofed over with a canopy of marble.

Lahore is the capital city of the Punjab, an ancient city of

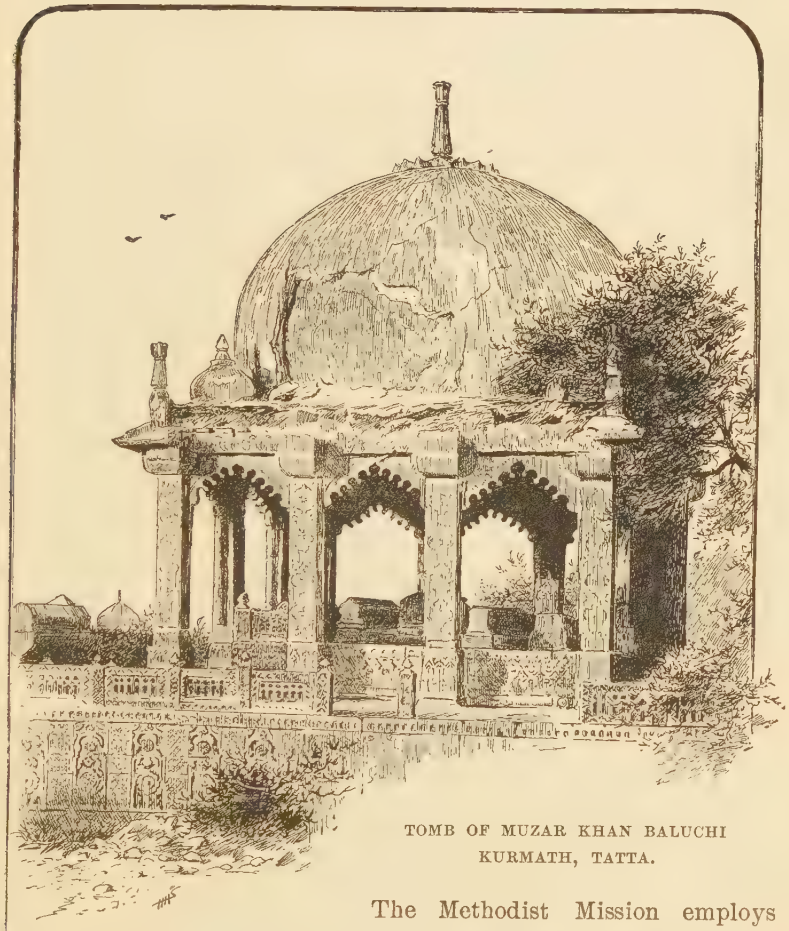
OLD PAVILION, TATTA.

150,000 inhabitants, which did not attain any importance before the Mughal empire, when it was a place of considerable size and magnificence and its population probably twice or thrice that of to-day.

The somewhat garish white building which glitters in bright contrast to the solemn and sombre mosque is Ranjit Singh's Samadh, or burning-place. The interior decoration of this build-

ing is fantastic, and is inland with convex mirrors. In the centre of the floor is a raised platform on which is carved a lotus flower, surrounded by eleven smaller ones, marking the place where Ranjit Singh's body was burnt, with eleven ladies of his Zenana.

There are four Missionary Societies represented in Lahore.



TOMB OF MUZAR KHAN BALUCHI
KURMATH, TATTA.

The Methodist Mission employs two missionaries, whose work lies chiefly among Europeans and Eurasians. The Church Missionary Society has two English missionaries and one native pastor. The American Presbyterian Mission here is the oldest in point of time, and strongest in point of numbers, with six American missionaries and several native helpers. Scarcely a day passes without the voice of the preacher being lifted in the broadest thoroughfares, and before the great gates of the city. There are about

1,100 boys and 400 girls in the various schools. When the missionaries first came to Lahore there were no native Christians; now it is said that there are over 1,000 who claim to belong to one Christian denomination or another.

All the way from Attock to Kalabagh the Indus runs through a succession of magnificent mountain gorges. At Khushalgarh, the military road crosses the Indus by a fine bridge of boats. The cliffs rise to a great height, and on the right bank are picturesquely crowned by an old fort.

Haidarabad is the old capital of Sind, with a population of 50,000. The Green Mosque is an interesting but dilapidated ruin. At Tatta there is a series of remarkable tombs of the governors of Sind under the Mogul dynasty, built of brick and decorated with encaustic tiles in the Persian style, of great beauty of pattern and exquisite harmony of colouring. These tombs date from A.D. 1500 to 1650. They are scattered over a vast cemetery six square miles in extent, said to contain a million tombs, and to have been a sacred burial ground for over twelve centuries.

DAWN.

BY ANNIE CLARKE.

A GLEAM is on the water, for a light
Falls fair and golden from the brooding skies;
Too solemn-tender to be very bright,
Like mother-look that droops on waking eyes.

And faint and shadowy, but shining yet,
Dethronèd where she reigned, the moon is seen;
Vanquished and sad, she seems a pale regret,
A dream, a memory of what has been.

Roused from their slumber by an unknown power,
The birds awake, by sleep made glad and strong;
And, like a bud unfolding into flower,
The silence swells and blossoms into song.

And I, by Love divine made glad, would fain
Out-pour my grateful heart, as best I may;
I join the music of the bird-refrain,
And praise Thee at the dawning of the day.

The whole wide world is compassed by Thy love,
Bounteous as air, enriching great and small;
And, like the splendour streaming from above,
Thy benediction rests upon us all.

VICTORIA, B.C.

AMONG THE MAGYARS.*

BY REV. B. BURROWS.

TRACHYTE ROCKS ON THE SUMMIT OF THE SZIMIA STONE.

ORELL FUSSLI & C.

HUNGARY is among the least-frequented parts of Europe. It lies eastward of the ordinary route of the tourist; its inhabitants are so polyglot in language, that even a Mezzofanti might find himself perplexed; and hence it is less known than even the frozen borders of the White Sea. The authoress of these volumes, enthusiastic as she is, can hardly have been surprised when she heard a lady exclaim: "Magyars! Magyars! A very interesting people, I dare say; but as to myself, I never could take much interest in these poor savage blacks!" Probably the general level of information does not rise above a few vague historical facts. That Pest was the seat of a Roman camp whence the stately rulers of men overawed the barbarians on the Danube; that from these vast plains Attila led his gigantic Huns to the conquest of the civilized world; that the injured Maria Theresa was here saluted by the cry, "Let us die for our king"; and that Kossuth was, some years ago, the romantic leader of an unfortunate insurrection, is perhaps all that is known of this interesting land by a large portion of the reading public. Altering our Macaulay, it may be said that for one who has mastered the history of the Magyars, there are hundreds that can tell who conquered the Incas.

The volumes before us attempt to make more widely known the beauties and the peculiarities of this strange land. That the language of the Magyar is difficult is made abundantly clear. Hungary is the modern Babel. It is a "Mosaic of nations." The traveller is jostled by Magyars, Slovaks, Wallacks, Croatians, and almost a score of other races. As the vast waves of humanity

**Magyarland.* By a Fellow of the Carpathian Society. Two vols. London: Sampson, Low, Marston & Co.

have swept to and fro across Europe, each seems to have left some sediment on this borderland.

To those who have time and money at command, Buda-Pest alone is worth a journey. Like St. Petersburg, it is built on artificial foundations; and with its noble palaces, its stately public buildings, and its black-and-gold cupolas, may rank among the fairest capitals of Europe. Across the mighty Danube, and united by a splendid bridge, lies the rock-built city of Buda; while in the background blue porphyry hills pierce the radiant sky.

"Walk along the terrace of the embankment on an evening in early summer, when the robinias are in bloom! The odour of the flowers, the beauty of the women, the fresh breeze blowing from the river; the noble mountain buttresses opposite, rising out of the water a sheer precipice of

MARKET-PLACE, MARAMAROS-SZIGER.

eight hundred feet; the setting sun illuminating the black-and-gold cupolas above the houses, and suffusing the waves of the Danube with a crimson dye—all form as perfect a whole as can be imagined on the earth on this side of Paradise."

Buda-Pest seems doomed to misfortune. Five times she has been in the hands of the Turk; and though her political horizon is now tolerably clear, yet two opposing climatic evils constantly overhang her—inundation and drought. She is alternately drowned and parched. Strange to say, the city prospers, and is likely to rival Vienna in population and wealth, as she undoubtedly does in splendour of site. Buda-Pest, which is inseparably associated with the memory of Kossuth and the rising of 1848, is hardly likely to be again the centre of a revolution. It is now so completely dominated by the Austrian fortress on the

Blocksberg, that a few hours' cannonading would reduce it to ruins. Possibly, too, as the rulers follow the milder and more generous policy which marks the present Emperor of Austria, the old antipathy may expire, and the Magyar become identified with his German neighbour.

Almost two-thirds of Hungary is encompassed by the Carpathian Mountains, which form a kind of stony girdle. At the foot of the highest group lies the *comitat* of Gömör, a district of singular beauty and variety. Here are mountains on the summits of which grow the Alpine lichen and the pine, while at their base flourish melons, and Indian corn; and here, also, have been recently discovered some remarkable caves, which even in the hottest summer are always blocked up with ice.

POLISH JEW OF MARAMAROS, SZIGET.

The whole of this region of the Carpathians abounds in cavities formed by the constant dripping of water containing carbonic acid on the limestone rock.

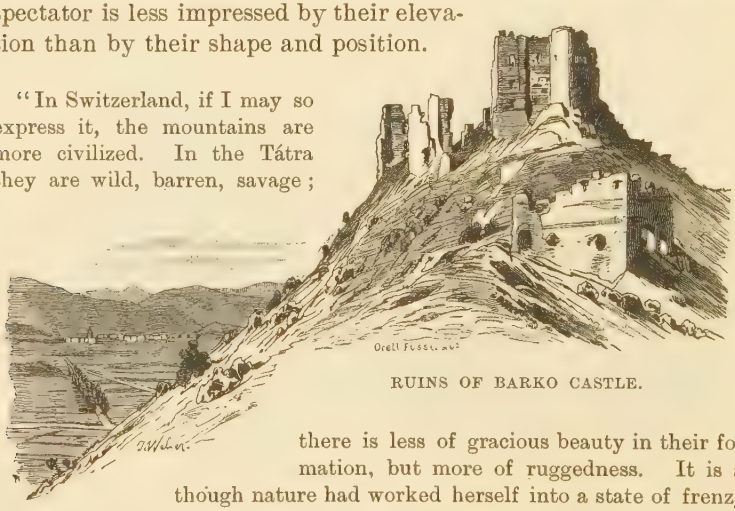
From the remarkable ice-caves of Gömör, it is an easy transition to the vast salt mines of Wieliczka, in the plains of Galicia. As it is said that the silver deposits of Potosi were discovered by the accidental uprooting of a shrub, so tradition reports that the salt mines of Wieliczka were first revealed during the vigilant search for a lost wedding-ring. The ring dropped from the unaccustomed finger of the bride, and alighted on the one spot where the white salt protruded through the soil. Here the lost jewel was discovered by the happy couple, and with it a blessing for all Europe. The mines extend to a breadth of ten thousand feet, are seventeen hundred feet deep, and have now been worked for nearly a thousand years.

As the Lady of Shalott was clad in white samite, mystic, wonderful; so our traveller was clothed in white as she descended into the topmost story of these excavations. Led by boyish guides, who waved above them torches of burning broom, making the corridors sparkle as though set with myriads of gems, they at length reached a silent lake where a flat-bottomed boat was ready to take them across.

"As we stept into it, clad in our white, sepulchral vestments, and assisted by a dark and muscular Charon, it was difficult to believe that we were not about to cross a veritable Styx: the black waters in which the torches were reflected, the curious dress of our attendants, with their singular Slav physiognomies, together with our own ghost-like garments, all favoured the illusion. The salt is exceedingly compact, and, as a rule, unmixed, except near the surface, with any extraneous matter. . . Some of the chambers have attained the size of from one to two thousand feet in width, and one hundred feet in height. Numerous fossils are continually being found in the rock, which is believed to be of a tertiary formation."

Almost due south of Wieliczka, forming the border-line between Galicia and Hungary, rises the Tátra chain of mountains. Of less elevation than the peaks of Switzerland, these mountains rise thousands of feet above the level of perpetual snow. But the spectator is less impressed by their elevation than by their shape and position.

"In Switzerland, if I may so express it, the mountains are more civilized. In the Tátra they are wild, barren, savage; there is less of gracious beauty in their formation, but more of ruggedness. It is as though nature had worked herself into a state of frenzy, and created them, without either forethought or arrangement."



RUINS OF BARKO CASTLE.

These barren summits appear to be devoid of vegetation. No Alpine flower lifts up its delicate petals to the light. All is desolate, as if smitten with a curse. Apparently our authoress has invented a superstition of her own, for her volumes are dedicated "To all who love mountains, by one who worships them."

The most impressive features of Hungary must be its vast plains and its mighty rivers. These mighty European prairies cover an area of over thirty-seven thousand English square miles, level as a summer lake. Some of these plains are in a high state of cultivation; some are mere swamps; and others are only sandy wastes. The Alföld, which is, when interpreted, "the low-lands," in contradistinction to the Felföld, or the "high-lands," is the name of the portion of the country lying east of the Danube.

"In winter these plains are like a frozen sea—one great and boundless wilderness of white. The flocks that roam these rich prairies, free and unfettered, in the summer-time, are gone, and the tinkling of their bells is heard no longer. It is at this season that the stranger is impressed with the awful stillness and loneliness of his surroundings, together with the profound majesty and immensity of nature, as his eye, wandering over the vast expanse of white, traces no boundary, and his ear detects the sound of no living thing."

Here in summer wanders the shepherd, in his coat of shaggy sheepskin, playing on his pipes, and followed by his flock. It was in this region that our traveller saw that wonderful phenomenon —the after-glow.

BATHS OF VISK.

"As the sun leaves the earth and the last crimson streak fades slowly into the west, twilight's shadows gather over the warm bosom of the plains, and a cold, white vapour begins to rise from the marshes; the shadow lingers for awhile, till suddenly, as if by the agency of a magician's wand, there comes a wonderous flush of glory—whence none can tell—that once more bathes both earth and heaven in a flood of gold and amber. But soon, fainter grow the colours in the west, colder and more tangible the snake-like vapours ascending from the hollows, deeper the transparent arc above, till evening at length sinks in the embrace of night."

OLDEST PART OF SAROS-PATAK CASTLE.

These wide, treeless plains, where the atmosphere is disturbed by a sun that glows with almost tropical heat, are also the home of the mirage. Dèli-bâb—*daughter of the plains*—is the poetical name invented by the Magyar. When a light wind fans the quivering haze, it is barely possible for a traveller to miss this lovely apparition. Often he is pursued by it for days together, and occasionally it encircles the whole horizon. "Now it simulates a steeple and houses poised

in mid-air; now a river or a lake, with stretches of sandy beach, and masts of vessels, tall trees and copses reflected in the water."

Though, as a rule, almost perfectly level, the aspect of the Alföld varies considerably; and it is often marvellously fertile. Apparently the soil is alluvial, and shafts five hundred feet deep have failed to pierce through the immense deposit. Stone is almost as rare as gold; and there is a report that chance pebbles are treasured up as heir-looms from generation to generation. But wheat, poppies, flax, maize, and other products, ripen to harvests that an English farmer would deem fabulous. These crops, moreover, are produced in spite of summer droughts and winter inundations. The droughts are partly attributed to the absence of trees; and if so, a few years may witness an alteration. But the other evil is less easy to cure. Year by year the beds of the river silt up, and the artificial embankments are compelled to assume larger proportions. Then comes a sudden thaw on the higher Carpathians, and no barrier, however strong, can resist the pressure of the waters. The dykes burst, and the Alföld becomes a vast inland sea.

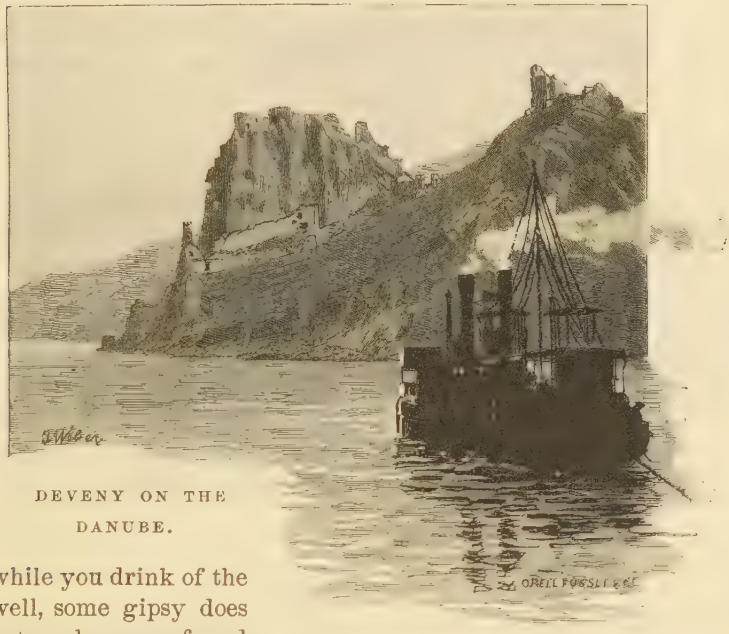
"There is also another phenomenon prejudicial to the interests of the agriculturists. The rivers flow subterraneously. In dry seasons they drain the soil by drawing down its moisture to themselves; while in rainy seasons the water of the overfull rivers, welling up through the light alluvial soil, converts the plain into a gigantic swamp. Nor is this all. The Danube is continually changing its course; in some instances it has left towns and villages miles distant which were once situated on its banks; while it now flows close to others that at one time were far away."

TYPICAL PROTESTANT CHURCH, HUNGARY.

Such is this land of paradox. Railways and other modern conveniences are here almost unknown, so the traveller is reduced to the most primitive style of conveyance. Day after day he passes dreamily along, and finds each village to be only a counterpart of its predecessor.

"On through the same kind of pasture; the same waving cornfields; the same villages with their twin churches, Roman Catholic and Calvinist, standing peaceably side by side; the same vague roads which might as well be sheep-tracks; the same dust; the same birds taking their evening bath in the white sand; the same sun, the same sky; the same everything. Yes! and the same melancholy iron crucifix, all on one side, just as we left them hours ago."

Clearly this dull monotony fully counterbalances the magnificence of the Tátra, or the excitement of passing through the Iron Gates. It seems natural that the inhabitants should have a touch of Orientalism, which corresponds admirably with the drowsy plains. In their costume, their manner of cooking, and in many other domestic customs, they bear a striking resemblance to their Turanian ancestors. Then the deep wells, out of which the water is raised by a rope and bucket attached to a long pole, which is worked by a cross-beam of equal length, form an exact counterpart of the wells seen in the plains of India; and it is strange if,



DEVENY ON THE DANUBE.

while you drink of the well, some gipsy does not make a profound obeisance, and salute you with a truly Oriental "Salaam." Within quite recent years, during in fact the last twenty, the Alföld was infested by wanderers of a different class. Multitudes of "poor lads," who were originally fugitives from the Imperial conscription, found in these thinly-peopled plains an Eldorado for brigands, with the one trifling exception that there were not many travellers to attack. Still they existed by levying a blackmail upon the more orderly inhabitants, who yet sympathized with them; and at times they became so daring as to attack caravans of merchants. Less than twenty years ago, no fewer than twelve hundred of these robber-criminals were confined in the fortress of Szegedin. Rózsa Sándor, whose particular form of the profession was cattle-

lifting, attacked a train on its way through the plains, and in his "brilliant career" is said to have killed more than a hundred victims with his own hand. When this dashing hero was captured by the police, he was pelted with flowers by the peasant girls. As the Alfölders are evidently a quiet, moral, law-abiding people, the explanation of this strange fact probably is that centuries of foreign government, and often of oppression, have taught the peasants to consider a law-breaker as identical with a patriot.

There have been few more terrible catastrophes in the history of Europe than the destruction of Szegedin in the spring of 1879. This, city, formerly known as the "Queen of the Alföld," and containing some seventy thousand inhabitants, has virtually passed away. It was here that in 1848 Kossuth raised the standard

VISEGRAD.

of insurrection, and with unusual profanity declared, "And I say also unto thee, That thou art Szegedin, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." A few months invalidated the profane boast, and the Szegedin he was acquainted with is gone for ever. Its one-storied houses, white gables and long, wide streets—"built, one would think, on the model of the camp of the Magyars' warlike ancestors"—have all sunk beneath the flood. This city had long occupied a most perilous position, and any ordinary foresight might have predicted its terrible doom.

The rivers of the Alföld, first rushing from the mountains, and then wandering vaguely over the plains, gradually fill up their beds with silt, and tend to rise above the surrounding country. Obviously, unless the land is to be converted into a wide swamp, one of two courses must be adopted: either the bed of the river must be kept dredged, or the sides of the river must be embanked.

Unhappily the latter was the course adopted, and at last the path of the river had become entirely artificial, and was above the surface of the surrounding country. The waters made a wide breach in the river dyke, and from that moment the peril of the city was imminent. Every man worked day and night to barricade the dams; but after eight days, in which the water, like a greedy monster, continued to rise and swallow up the land, there was a fearful tempest of wind and rain. The waters burst upon the town with a roar like that of artillery. The raging current, acting on the light alluvial soil, sapped the foundations, and one by one the houses fell with a dull crash. One terrible story has an unspeakable pathos. Our authoress met a native Szegedin who looked prematurely old—

"He had a kind of scared look, and as the memory of those long days and nights came over him, his face grew inexpressibly sad. The first night of the flood he had been separated from his wife and children. He was among the first to form relief parties, which, in boats or hasty rafts, floated down the streets, and sought to rescue the drowning. We had managed to save several, and were just pushing off with our human freight, when a woman floating in the water clutched violently at the boat. In an instant I realized the danger. She would drown us all, for we were so heavily laden that the boat was scarce above the surface of the water. Stooping, I seized her hands, and wrenching them off the boat, I pushed her back with all my strength. She recognized me, and called me by my name, but it was *too late*, and was—may heaven forgive me !—*my wife.*"

From the days of Œdipus, how many have found themselves ignorantly involved by their own act in overwhelming sorrow!

Two features of this book are especially admirable—her humanity, and her reverence for religion. Unlike too many travellers, she assumes no supercilious contempt for the simple peasantry among whom she moved; and, unlike many more, she watches with sympathy every religious manifestation. Here Roman Catholic and Calvinist exist side by side; and apparently the former has only a nominal connection with Rome. We are told of an intensity in the prayers of the one, that was not found in the sermons of the other. Ordinary immorality, intemperance and violent crime appear to be rare; and even in the lonely houses on the Alföld, or away among the Carpathians, English literature, in translations at least, is eagerly studied.

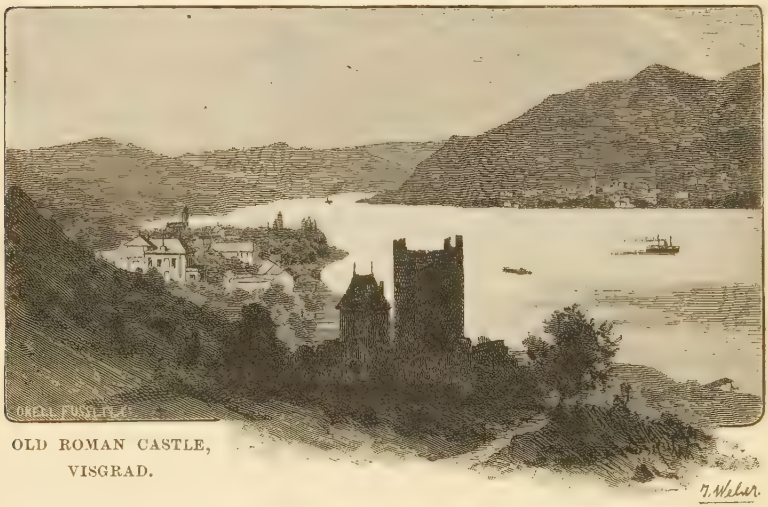
It is impossible to doubt that there is still a future before the stately race of the Magyar. That nation which has more than once been the bulwark of Central Europe, and which, in its noble physical conformation, in its keen intellect and its lofty spirit, bears the seal of almost royal descent, cannot be doomed to perish. As the old political animosities expire, and as the rulers recognize

no distinction between Tyrian and Trojan, the Magyar may yet become the ruling power in the intellectual and spiritual spheres of Central Europe.

We add to this interesting article the following details by Prof. Carl Siegmeth, describing our illustrations of the country:

"The twin rock-masses, known as the Great and the Little Szinna Stones, are separated by a deep gorge. They consist of trachyte, horizontally stratified, giving them the appearance of castle ruins. The summit of the rocky platforms, 3,303 feet, can only be reached by the aid of a ladder.

"Market-day in the mountain villages is a very busy time, and the concourse of people presents many interesting features for the tourist. The Ruthenian and Wallachian peasant-women sit on the street pavement and



OLD ROMAN CASTLE, VISGRAD.

offer for sale, besides vegetables, fruit and poultry, products of their domestic industry, such as linen, carpets, etc. The Wallachian women, in their long gowns with red embroidery on the sleeves and breast, and their two aprons, one in front and one behind, make a very picturesque appearance, with their hair in long braids down their back. The men, mostly tall and lean, with long, black hair hanging straight down, are of grave and earnest aspect. A principal part of their attire is the broad leather girdle ornamented with shining brass buckles and buttons. Then, too, there are numerous representatives of the Hebrew race, dressed in their caftans, and with long locks of hair hanging down on either side of their temples.

"Barkó Castle is a rock-fortress, of which mention is made as early as the times of the Tartar invasions. Wine is grown on the slopes of the hills. Its quality is well characterised in the following epigram:

"Barconis acetum forte ne Puta vile,
Quia vilius erat, quamdiu fuit vinum.

Call not the vinegar of Barkó bad;
It was worse still when it was wine."

"Saros-Patak is very interesting from an historical point of view. In the first place our attention is attracted by the castle, situated on the south side of the town in the midst of a well-kept park. The oldest part, the Quadrangular Keep, with its four turrets, was in existence in the time of King Andrew I., in the middle of the eleventh century. Beneath the castle are immense cellars, hewn out of the trachyte tuff, in which wines of all vintages since 1804 are stored. Adjoining the castle is the Protestant College, founded in 1560, with an extensive library.

"We would recommend the traveller to pay a visit to the venerable castle of Theben, or Dévény. A short trip up stream brings us to the point on the left bank, where the March flows into the Danube. Here, rising perpendicularly from the river, are the immense limestone rocks which bear on their crest the ruins of the proud castle of Thében. The magnitude of the ruins renders it evident that the castle must anciently have been of great extent. Some parts are still in good repair, as for instance the so-called Nun's Tower, in connection with which the following legend is current: 'One of the lords of the castle, having induced a nun to elope with him, fled with her to the castle. Soon after it was beleaguered by hostile forces, and hunger compelled the garrison to surrender. But the knight led his lady-love up to the narrow gangway which connected the isolated tower with the rest of the castle, and then, clasped in a last embrace, they threw themselves into the swiftly-rushing stream.'

"Visegrad, the most famous of all Hungarian castles, even in its ruins of enchanting beauty, in the midst of its lovely forest-covered mountains, stands on a cone of trachyte, which rises precipitously from the brink of the river to a height of more than a thousand feet. It was built by the Romans. The astonished visitor can still judge from the magnificence of the ruins what must have been the former extent and strategic value of this fortress. During the Turkish domination, which lasted more than a hundred years, only the fortifications were maintained."

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

BY IDA H. WILSON.

Upon the sure foundation of His love
My soul hath built its hope, and now can rest
In peace forevermore, secure and blest.
For I persuaded am, not things above,
Nor in the depths below, can separate
Me from His love. Upon my Saviour's breast
I lean my head, and there am closely prest
Unto his loving heart. Not Satan's hate,
Nor present things, nor even things to come,
Can rob my soul of this entrancing bliss.
'Tis mine while here, 'twill mine be in that home
Which He hath made for those whom He calls His.
My pilgrim heart rejoices while I roam,
That I possess a treasure such as this.

OVER THE SIERRAS.—AMONG THE MORMONS.

HOMEWARD.

BY THE EDITOR.

After leaving Southern California I started northward to fulfil some lecturing engagements at Lake Tahoe. I visited on my way north the famous Yosemite Valley and Big Trees, of which an account has already been given in this Magazine. In going from Sacramento to the summit of the Sierras, our train climbed seven thousand feet in seven hours, a remarkable change from the hot valley of Sacramento to the perpetual snow of the mountain top. Some noble outlooks are presented *en route,* notably that where the train rounds the lofty promontory of Cape Horn, from which a hand thrust out from the window of the car could drop a stone into a chasm two thousand five hundred feet below. The famous Blue Canyon of the Sierras, two thousand feet deep, bathed in exquisite purple tints, is another memory of delight. The forty miles of snow sheds that protect the railway in the upper portion of the pass give only tantalizing glimpses of the glorious scenery around.

While climbing the grade we passed the early gold diggings known to the men of '49 as "Dutch Flat," "You Bet" and "Red Dog" Mines. Whole mountain sides have been torn away by the tremendous force of water in hydraulic mining. The water was conveyed from mountain lakes in open sluices or iron pipes for many miles, across lofty trestles or around the shoulders of mountains. When a head of several hundred feet was gained the water was conveyed through metallic pipes with huge nozzles from four to six or even nine inches in diameter. These require the strength of several men to hold. The force of water was so great that it was impossible to cut the stream as it issued from the nozzle with an axe or crowbar. It would fell a good-sized tree or cut a man in two, and would hurl boulders a ton weight down the valley. The traces of this devastation are seen for miles in hideous gashes torn in the mountain side. The *dèbris* was swept down the valleys, in many places covering fertile meadows many feet deep with sand and gravel. The heavier gold was left behind, and was easily obtained. This wholesale hydraulic mining is now prohibited by law.

Near the summit of the Sierras are the picturesque Donner and Webber Lakes. The former of these has a pathetic association,

from the terrible fate of the Donner party, a company of early immigrants, who were overtaken by winter before they could cross the Sierras, in the year 1846. Thirty-four of their number died of starvation on its shores before the survivors could be rescued by a military party from San Francisco. A gentleman

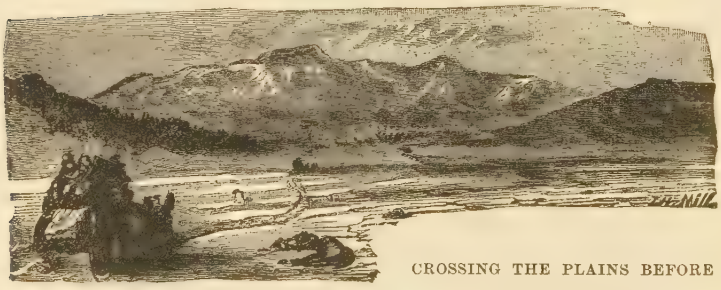
DONNER AND WEBBER LAKES.

whom I met on Lake Tahoe recounted his own terrible sufferings in crossing the alkali plains of these rugged mountains.

This was the first trans-continental railway, and as our train, in the golden afternoon light, climbed up the grade, giving ever wider views over the lowlands, my friend, the Rev. Dr. Selah Brown, who has thrice girdled the earth in his travels, recited a

stirring poem descriptive of the first transatlantic journey. A few lines of it are as follows:

> From Hell Gate to Gold Gate, and a Sabbath unbroken,
> A sweep continental, and the Saxon yet spoken; . . .
>
> Through kingdoms of corn, and through empires of grain,
> Thro' dominions of forest drives the thundering train.
>
> The engine's bright arms are bare to the shoulder,
> And a long, steady pull as the mountains grow bolder.
>
> Let the engine take breath, it has nothing to do,
> For the law that swings worlds will whirl the train through.
>
> Streams of fire from the wheels like flashes from fountains,
> And the dizzy train reels as it sweeps down the mountains.



CROSSING THE PLAINS BEFORE THE RAILWAYS.

At the summit the railway-station is entirely covered by snow-sheds, and in winter there is twelve feet of snow on the ground.

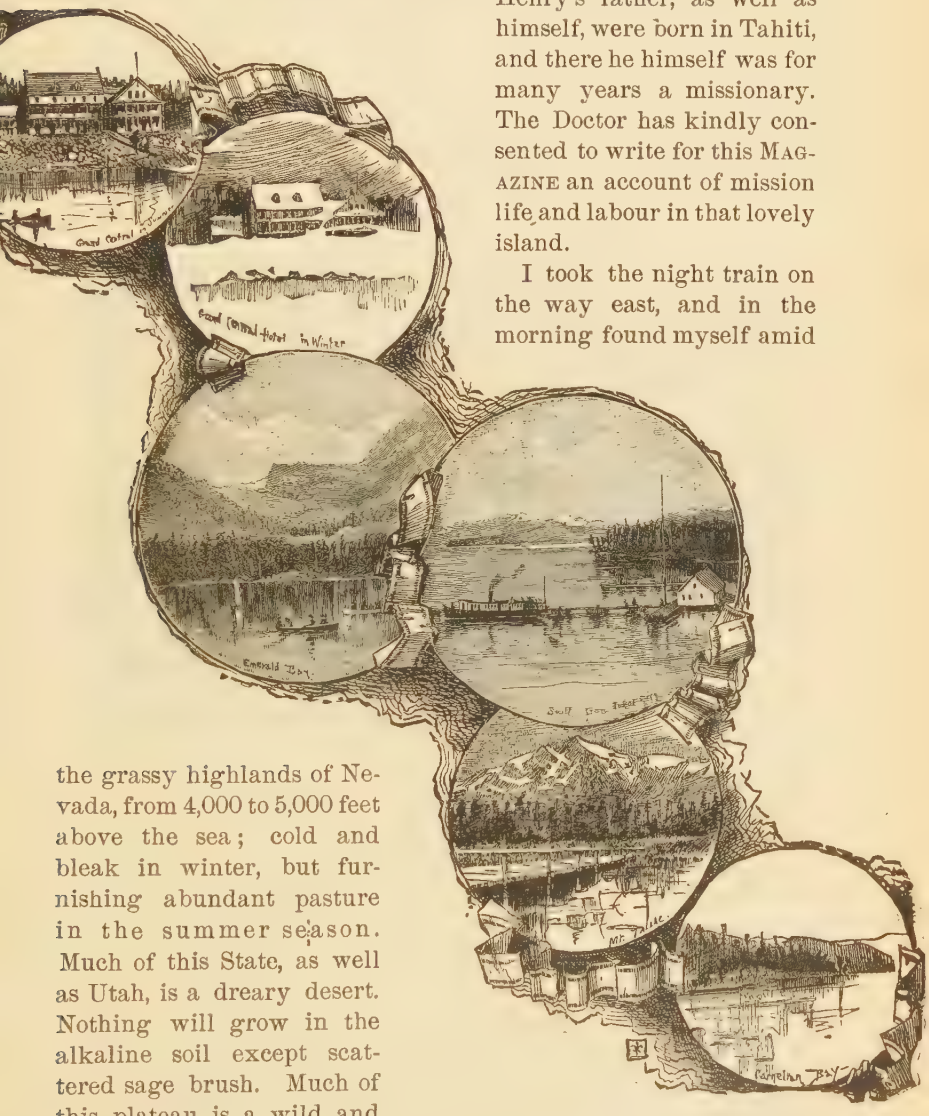
The fourteen-mile drive to Lake Tahoe leads through some remarkable scenery, first a long, steady uphill grade for miles, then a sharp ride down a hill so steep that all the passengers must dismount and make their way down on foot.

The wonderful transparency of the waters of Lake Tahoe, the exquisite gradations of sunset tints, rose pink, softest purple, deepening to almost indigo blue, in that pure, clear atmosphere were daily objects of delight. On this little lake, fully 7,000 feet above the sea, are three steamers, and several saw-mills. The timber from the mountains is dragged on a very primitive wooden railway, or on wooden skids, by wheezing locomotives or by great teams of horses.

It was a unique experience to listen to Bro. Benson and President Quayle preaching out of doors in a grove of huge pines on the shore of that mountain lake, and in view of the snow-covered mountains, that seemed, in their pearly tints, like the walls of the heavenly city.

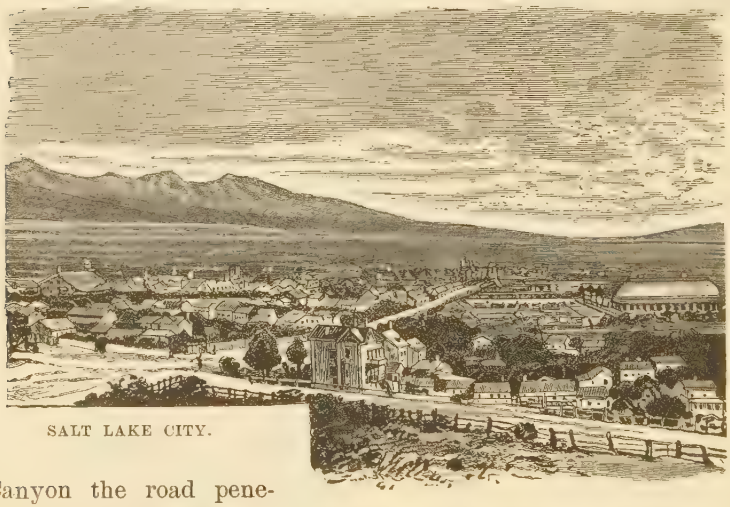
Here I had the pleasure of meeting the Rev. Dr. Henry, the grandson of a Presbyterian missionary who went to Tahiti in 1796, and was a missionary there for sixty-three years. Dr. Henry's father, as well as himself, were born in Tahiti, and there he himself was for many years a missionary. The Doctor has kindly consented to write for this MAGAZINE an account of mission life and labour in that lovely island.

I took the night train on the way east, and in the morning found myself amid the grassy highlands of Nevada, from 4,000 to 5,000 feet above the sea; cold and bleak in winter, but furnishing abundant pasture in the summer season. Much of this State, as well as Utah, is a dreary desert. Nothing will grow in the alkaline soil except scattered sage brush. Much of this plateau is a wild and dreary wilderness of volcanic scoria and black lava, the latter generally in cubical form, varying in size from that of a pea to that of a good-sized house. Sometimes one sees a huge prairie schooner, sur-



SCENES ON LAKE TAHOE.

vival of the great trains by which all trans-continental traffic and travel formerly took place. The forlorn-looking wooden hamlets, Indian camps or miserable "dug-outs" by the track, and lonely graves in the desert, are the most striking features. Water has to be brought for many miles in railway tanks. A more desolate region than this "Great American Desert" we never beheld. Nevertheless, there are certain oases, with refreshing pools or springs, and a group of thrifty trees, which indicate that all the country needs to become fertile is the life-giving springs of water. So arid is this desert that even good-sized mountain streams become swallowed up in its sands. At Twelve-mile



SALT LAKE CITY.

Canyon the road penetrates the mountains by a pass of rugged grandeur, with palisaded cliffs rising 1,000 feet, often stained with a deep-red colour.

One small station has the historic interest of being the point where, in 1869, the golden spike was driven which connected by rail the Atlantic and Pacific slopes of the continent. Bret Harte thus reports what the engines said to one another on that occasion:

What was it the Engines said,
Pilots touching—head to head,
Facing on the single track,
Half a world behind each back?
This is what the engines said,
Unreported and unread:

With a prefatory screech,
In a florid Western speech,
Said the Engine from the West,
"I am from Sierra's crest;
And if altitude's a test,
Why, I reckon, it's confessed
That I've done my level best."

Said the Engine from the East:
"Listen! Where Atlantic beats
Shores of snow and summer heats;

Where the Indian autumn skies
Paint the wood with wampum dyes,
I have chased the flying sun,
Seeing all he looked upon,
Blessing all that he has blest,
Nursing in my iron breast
All his vivifying heat,
All his clouds about my crest;
And before my flying feet
Every shadow must retreat."

Said the Western Engine, "Phew!"
And a long, low whistle blew.
"Come now, really, that's the oddest
Talk for one so very modest—
You brag of your East! *you* do?
Why I bring the East to *you!*
All the Orient, all Cathay,
Find through me the shortest way,
And the sun you follow here
Rises in my hemisphere.
Really—if one must be rude—
Length, my friend, ain't longitude."

That is what the Engines said,
Unreported and unread;
Spoken slightly through the nose,
With a whistle at the close.

For many miles we skirt the arid shores of the great Salt Lake whose steel blue surface flashes with a brilliant light, and in the olden days made more poignant the disappointment of the immigrants who sought refreshing on its shores. Approaching Ogden and Salt Lake City the country wonderfully improves. Again we greet the blessed grass and waving fields of grain, cultivated farms and other evidences of civilization.

THE TEMPLE.

Forty-three years ago Brigham Young stood on Ensign Peak, the "Mount of Prophecy," and there announced to his followers that down in the valley below should be founded the new "City of Zion," the future home of the Latter Day Saints. Up to 1871 the original settlers virtually lived apart from the rest of the world. This was owing to the religious views of the Mormons, which made them a peculiar and isolated people. To mining is due the first incursion of Gentile population, which population has increased steadily, until at present the community of Salt Lake City differs but little from any other in its social, business or religious aspect, except that it possesses, in addition to the accepted religious associations which exist elsewhere, one which differs from all others.

The city has much the appearance of any busy Western town, with fine railway station, electric cars, great manufacturing and commercial establishments. But soon certain aspects of its peculiar institutions are apparent. High in air tower the walls, battlements and spires of the Mormon temple, which has been in construction since 1861, and is yet unfinished. On its façade is the inscription: "HOLINESS TO THE LORD, HOUSE OF THE LORD, BUILT BY THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST, LATTER DAY SAINTS, COMMENCED APRIL, '61, COMPLETED——" and, carved in stone, the all-seeing eye. The vast and ugly Tabernacle, with a roof like a soup tureen, low walls, and a capacity for seat-

BEE-HIVE HOUSE, SALT LAKE CITY.

ing eight thousand persons, is a conspicuous feature. The picturesque and graceful Assembly Hall is the best architectural building of Mormon construction. A great square, formerly surrounded with a stone wall, in part shown in our cut on page 449, contains the old and new Tithing Houses, the Bee Hive House, formerly the residence of Brigham Young, and the extraordinary-looking, long, many-gabled building—divided into many sections for his numerous wives—the so-called Lion House, with the effigy of the lion of the tribe of Judah in front. A sumptuous mansion across the road is known as "The Amelia House," the home of his favourite wife.

The great business block, with many branches throughout the city, known as "Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution," or more briefly as "The Co-op," with the mystic initials "Z. C. M. I.," and the carved or painted all-seeing eye above it, represent the commercial side of Mormon life. For half the day all these "Co-op" stores were closed, it being the monthly fast day. They have a paper currency of their own, with scrip as low as five cents. In this scrip Mormons are paid for all services to the Church, and as it is taken only at the Co-operative stores, it secures largely the Mormon trade. The Gentile patronage, how-

STREET IN SALT LAKE CITY.

ever, is very considerable, as the stores were long the only ones, and are still the best in the city and Territory.

I conversed freely with Mormons of every rank and grade, and tried to find out the true inwardness of their belief. They seemed very anxious to make a good impression upon Eastern men. My firm conviction is this: There are two sorts of Mormons; one the sincere and honest dupes, who are, I think, the minority; the other the arrant frauds and knaves. With one of the former I had a long conversation. He was employed as gardener in the temple square. His name, he told me, was "Brother Williams." He had been brought up a New Connexion Methodist in England,

was a student in theology with the late Dr. Cooke, and "came into the larger liberty," he said, of the faith of the Latter Day Saints, and was for many years a missionary of that creed. He was willing to preach to me by the hour, assured me that the new Mormon temple was God's Holy of Holies on earth, that Christ was soon to come to judge the earth, and drive away the Gentiles from the Holy City. He urged me earnestly to come into the ark and be saved before that terrible day. He admitted that some of the Mormons were vile as devils, but others of them, he affirmed, were as good men as could be found on earth. On the subject of

SALT LAKE VALLEY.

plural marriages he declared that every woman must be married or be cut off from the kingdom of glory. In reply to my question he answered that when women got to understand the principle of having only one-fifth of a husband, they would gladly give him additional wives in order that they might gain eternal life. They are married for eternity. My friend claimed that John Wesley was a Latter Day Saint, and quoted an alleged hymn, which, however, I cannot find:

> "Where shall I wander now to find
> Jesus, from whom all blessings flow?"

One of the fraudulent class of Saints, as I judge, was the man

in charge of the Tabernacle, who showed off its points and glibly defended polygamy by the example of David and Abraham. This man was a renegade Methodist, formerly a member of Great Queen Street Church, in London. The Tabernacle is one of the acoustic wonders of the world. A whispered utterance could be distinctly heard at the opposite end of the building, two hundred feet distant, and, more wonderful still, a pin dropped from the height of two inches on a table, was also distinctly heard.

I visited the oldest house in the town, the office of the *Woman's Expositor,* where a pretty Mormon girl showed me portraits of Brigham Young and several of his wives. I hadn't the "cheek" to discuss plural marriages with her, although the subject is one of common conversation in the community. They declare that, while they do not practice it on account of its legal prohibition, they still maintain its Scriptural character.

The Tithing House is a curious institution, where the country people bring their offerings, in kind, of almost everything they raise or make. The large building was filled with fresh vegetables, flour, feed, manufactured articles, clothing, harness, books, millinery, toys, patent medicines, and every conceivable thing, as well as salt made from the waters of Salt Lake at a cost of ten cents per ton, and sold at $1.50 to $2.50 per ton for mining purposes. Forty thousand tons were contracted for for mining, I was told. The Saints are supposed to pay one-tenth of their income in money or in kind, but the Gentiles declare that the elders shirk this duty very much.

An elderly man whom I met there, formerly a Sunday-school scholar in Lancashire, "Brother Kirkham," (they all call each other brothers; even the cash boys in the "Co-op stores" speak of the clerks as "Brother So-and-so,") complained bitterly that the United States government had robbed them of their property, confiscating all the immense wealth of the Church beyond $50,000. He affirmed that the Bible was very good in its way, but it was full of errors, that seventy books of the Bible were lost entirely, whilst the Book of Mormon was a perfect revelation. In their printing office was a great stack of this book, hymn books, and the like, in all sizes, from pocket size to huge pulpit Mormon Bibles.

In the evening I went to see the Methodist minister of the place, to hear the other side of the story, and found that there was a very different side to the shield. In the opinion of the Gentiles best capable of judging, the Mormon system was a mystery of iniquity, honeycombed with fraud, lying and most abhorrent wickedness. The confiscation of property was merely

the nationalizing of vast estates held by the elders in the name of the Church. The memory of the late Brigham Young was held in execration, even some of his nearest kin speaking of him with the utmost detestation. The testimony concerning the influence of Mormon doctrines on social life was of the most

SALT LAKE.

damning description. The alleged literacy was said to be of a very meagre character. The influx of Gentiles attracted by the mining and other developments of the country has swamped Mormondom. The management of the city has passed into Gentile hands, and under Gentile enterprise rapid progress is being made. Great blocks of buildings are going up, and fifty-five miles of electric tramway are in operation in a city of 30,000 people.

I rode out to Fort Douglas, three or four miles from the city, on a lofty plateau, commanding a magnificent view of Salt Lake and surrounding country. The "fort" is a magnificent group of good stone barracks, elegant officers' quarters, chapel and reading-room, with broad campus for drilling. The men's quarters were admirably neat, and kitchen and dining-rooms bright and clean. A young sabaltern told me that were it not for the presence of Uncle Sam's troops in years past, Gentile life would not be worth living, if it could be lived at all. Brigham Young bade open defiance to the military, and was only brought to his senses by the commandant firing live shell over the city, to show him the range of his artillery. When the supremacy passed from Gentile hands the Mormons threatened the direst consequences. A battery of artillery was hurried from Omaha, a thousand miles distant, at forty miles an hour, with sealed orders. The troops in the fort marched down with fifty rounds of cartridge and loaded ammunition waggons, and formed a *cordon* round the railway station. The "Saints" didn't know what to make of it, and, as no message could be had by wire, they sent off riders to Ogden, forty miles distant, to find out what it all meant. To their intense chagrin, the long train, laden with artillery, pulled into the station, and the prestige of the Mormon dynasty passed away forever. There are many Mormon towns throughout the State, and they have great preponderence in numbers, but Salt Lake City holds the key. Two or three vigorous Methodist churches and other evangelical bodies will soon work a great moral transformation in the city. The military and other unprejudiced persons affirm their confident belief in the stories of murder and outrage by the early Mormons. The Mormons are nothing if not Scriptural. Hence, we find in the Territory the Jordan River, and Mount Nebo, as well as their New Jerusalem.

I ran down by train to Salt Lake, eighteen miles distant, for a dip in its dense, saline waters. There were hundreds of persons bathing there; it is the Coney Island of Salt Lake City. The experience is anything but agreeable. The water is so heavy that it is tiring to wade through it, and when breast high in the water, one's feet are irresistibly raised from the bottom. It is difficult to swim, because one's feet and hands *will* rise above the surface. Climbing the banks, too, in one's water-logged bathing-suit is very fatiguing. It is easiest of all to float on one's back, in which position one can rest as comfortably as in a spring-bed. I saw gentlemen smoking on the water, and ladies bathing with their hats or bonnets on, without danger of getting them wet. The water is acrid and pungent; and if it gets in one's eyes or

nose is extremely irritating. It contains 17 per cent. of solid matter, whereas that of the Dead Sea contains 28 per cent., that of the Mediterranean 3.8 and that of the Atlantic 3.5.

The delicate tints of the Wasatch Mountains and the purple islands of the lake in the sunset light were very impressive. The old sea-bench or margin, in the encircling hills, was a striking testimony of the former great extent of this lake.

THE PATIENT BURRO.

MOODS.

BY LUCY SMITH.

LORD, in Thy sky of blue
No stain of cloud appears ;
Gone all my faithless fears,
Only Thy love seems true.
Help me to thank Thee, then, I pray.
Walk in the light and cheerfully obey !

Lord, when I look on high,
Clouds only meet my sight ;
Fears deepen with the night :
But yet it is Thy sky.
Help me to trust Thee, then, I pray,
Wait in the dark and tearfully obey !

THE STORY OF THE DOMINION.*

BY J. J. MACLAREN, LL.D., Q.C.

I.

"Only a few thousand acres of snow," said the flippant Voltaire to Madame La Pompadour, who was lamenting the loss to France of the colony of Canada, which had just been surrendered to England by the Treaty of Paris of 1763.

"Only a few thousand acres of snow," it seemed to the courtier and his royal master, and yet the territory to which France then renounced forever her right of sovereignty comprised not only the whole of Ontario and Quebec, the two largest provinces of the Dominion of Canada, and a considerable part of the maritime provinces on the Atlantic seaboard, but also a large portion of what now forms the Northern States of the Union. The southern boundary of the province of Quebec, as constituted by the British statute known as the Quebec Act of 1774, after passing through Lake Ontario and the Niagara River, followed the southern bank of Lake Erie to the northwestern corner of the then colony of Pennsylvania, thence southward to the Ohio River, which it followed to its junction with the Mississippi. The western boundary of Quebec, as thus constituted, was the Mississippi River, northward to its source, and thence to the Hudson's Bay Territory. The province of Quebec thus included (subject to certain claims of some of the eastern colonies) the territory of the present states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin, and part of Minnesota, so that the "few thousand acres of snow," then peopled by less than 100,000 inhabitants, are now the happy homes of no less than 20,000,000, or considerably more than one-half the present population of France.

The brilliant victory of General Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham in 1759, which was followed immediately by the surrender of the fortress of Quebec, and the next year by the capitulation of Montreal, and the surrender of the whole of New France, was one of those events that change the course of history. It was rendered doubly tragic by the death of the gallant Wolfe in the very moment of victory, followed as it was a few hours later by the death of his no less gallant antagonist, Montcalm. To-day the traveller who visits the quaint old fortress city of Quebec will

*A lecture delivered in the amphitheatre of the Chatauqua (N. Y.) Assembly.

find not only the modest pillar on the Plains of Abraham, with the simple inscription, "Here Wolfe died victorious," but also the more imposing monument on the brow of Cape Diamond, overlooking the harbor and the river, erected to the joint memory of the two heroes, typical of the peaceful union in one Dominion of the two races that were then contending for the mastery of the northern portion of the continent, inscribed on one side with the name of Wolfe and on the other with that of Montcalm.

The forces which captured Quebec were regular English troops with a few colonists from Nova Scotia. The army which the following summer descended the St. Lawrence from Oswego under General Amherst, and that which under General Haviland went northward by way of Lake Champlain, and compelled the capitulation of Montreal and the surrender of the rest of New France, had both a large number of volunteers from New England and New York, so that the ancestors of the people of these states, as well as our own, are entitled to a large share in the honours of that campaign. Indeed, the rejoicing over the conquest of Canada was even greater in New England than in Old England itself. And here let me acknowledge a deep literary debt of gratitude which we Canadians owe to a distinguished New Englander of the present day, Francis Parkman, of Boston, who has written in the most charming way the story of the settlement of our country by the French, in his admirable historical sketches, published in ten volumes of moderate compass. Here we have portrayed, in vivid but truthful colours, the early wars of English and French in their great struggle for supremacy on this continent, the ever shifting and changing of the diplomatic struggles to gain and retain the friendship and assistance of the powerful Indian tribes, the self-denial of the early Jesuit missionaries, and the horrid tortures of martyrdom which they endured, and the hardships of the early pioneers in their explorations of what were then the trackless wilds of this western world. For young men who have a taste for the romance and poetry of history and adventure written in the choicest of English, I know of few works that can more confidently be recommended than Parkman's "Pioneers of France in the New World," his "Jesuits in North America," "La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West," "The Conspiracy of Pontiac," and his "Montcalm and Wolfe."

In speaking of the surrender of Montreal and the rest of New France by Governor Vaudreuil to General Amherst in 1760, Parkman says: "Half the continent had changed hands at the scratch of a pen." Governor Bernard, of Massachusetts, proclaimed a day of thanksgiving for the great event, and the Boston news-

papers recount how the occasion was celebrated with a parade of the cadets and other volunteer corps, a grand dinner in Faneuil Hall, music, bonfires, illuminations, the firing of cannon, and above all by sermons in every church in the province, for the heart of early New England always found voice through her pulpits. Thomas Foxcroft, pastor of the old church in Boston, preached from the text, "The Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad." "Long," he says, "had it been the common opinion—*Delenda est Carthago,* Canada must be conquered, or we could hope for no lasting quiet in these parts. We behold His Majesty's victorious troops treading upon the high places of the enemy, their last fortress delivered up, and their whole country surrendered to the King of Britain." John Mellen, pastor of the second church in Lancaster, exclaims: "Let us fear God and honour the king, and be peaceable subjects of an easy and happy government. And may the blessing of heaven be even upon those enemies of our country that have now submitted to the English crown, and, according to the oath they have taken, lead quiet lives in all godliness and honesty." Then he ventures to predict that America, now thrown open to British colonists, will be peopled in a century and a half with sixty million souls, a prophecy that was fulfilled in a century and a quarter.

The cession of Canada to Britain was fraught with important consequences to the English colonies to the south, which they themselves did not anticipate. It is no exaggeration to say that if Canada had remained French, the thirteen colonies, which a few years later claimed and gained their independence, would in all human probability have remained British. The result was foreseen in Europe. The Duc de Choiseul, the French Prime Minister, warned Stanley, the English negotiator, that these colonies "would not fail to shake off their independence the moment Canada was ceded," and the Swedish traveller, Kalm, had said that the presence of the French in America gave the best assurance to Great Britain that its own colonies would remain in due subjection. Strange to say, the most confident prophet on the opposite side was Benjamin Franklin. He affirmed that the colonies were so jealous of each other that they would never unite against England. Said he: "If they could not agree to unite against the French and Indians, can it reasonably be supposed that there is any danger of their uniting against their own nation, which it is well known they all love much more than they love one another? I will venture to say union amongst them for such a purpose is not merely improbable, it is impossible."

A few years, however, sufficed to show that Franklin was

mistaken. As the historian Green has tersely put it, "With the triumph of Wolfe on the Heights of Abraham began the history of the United States. By removing an enemy whose dread had knit the colonists to the Mother Country, and by breaking through the line with which France had barred them from the basin of the Mississippi, Pitt laid the foundation of the great republic of the West."

The irrepressible conflict was precipitated by the folly and obstinacy of George III. and his ministers. The experience in common action and the arts of war which the colonists had gained in their struggle with the French and their Indian allies in assisting the troops of the Mother Country, specially prepared and fitted them for the prolonged struggle with the latter. Forgetting their jealousies and their internal quarrels, they joined their hands in the common cause, they fought, endured and won.

Another peculiarity of the situation was that although France threw herself heartily into the war of independence against her old enemy, yet the French Canadians remained unshaken in their loyalty to their new sovereign, notwithstanding all the appeals and inducements of their neighbours to the south.

By the treaty of 1783, by which the independence of the United States was acknowledged, that part of the Province of Quebec bounded by Pennsylvania, the Ohio, the Mississippi and the Great Lakes was ceded to the Union. In 1791 what remained of Quebec was divided into the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada. They remained separate until 1841, when they were reunited, and so continued until the formation of the Dominion in 1867.

In 1865 delegates from the Provinces of Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland met and agreed upon a plan of federal union of these provinces. The scheme was rejected by Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island, but accepted by the other provinces; and in 1867 a statute of the British Parliament, called the British North America Act, formed them into the Dominion of Canada, the Act going into force on the 1st day of July, 1867, which thus became the birthday of the Dominion. Old Canada was divided into two provinces, Ontario and Quebec; Nova Scotia and New Brunswick being the other two provinces of the Dominion.

In 1870 Canada acquired by purchase the rights of the Hudson's Bay Company in the vast territory east of the Rocky Mountains. Out of this immense domain the Province of Manitoba, the District of Keewatin and the Northwest Territories have been formed.

In 1871 the Province of British Columbia joined the Dominion,

and Prince Edward Island in 1873, since which time Canada has been composed of seven provinces besides the territories.

At the conquest of Canada in 1760, the population, entirely French, amounted to about 65,000. In 1774 it had increased to about 90,000, and there were about 20,000 more in what are now the Maritime or Eastern Provinces of the Dominion. After the treaty of 1783, by which the independence of the United States was acknowledged, their numbers were augmented by those from the new states who remained loyal to their king, and who for conscience' sake made great sacrifices and endured great hardships and dangers as the pioneers of a new civilization in the wilds of the north. In English speaking Canada their memory and their virtues occupy, in the public esteem, a place corresponding to that of the Pilgrim Fathers in New England. In the United States their names were long loaded with obloquy, but of late years some of their eminent writers have done ample justice to their character, their loyalty and their patriotism. Professor Fiske, in his "Critical Period of American History," says: "The refugees of 1784 were, for the most part, peaceful and unoffending families, above the average in intelligence and refinement. To the general interests of the country the loss of such people was in every way damaging. The immediate political detriment wrought at the time was, perhaps, the least important."

In 1790 the emigration of these United Empire Loyalists had largely ceased. Their numbers have been variously estimated, but they probably reached nearly 50,000. As the two countries were now fairly launched on their respective careers, and the influences and principles which have governed and determined their subsequent growth and development may be said to have been then fairly established, this epoch may be taken as a starting point in making a comparison of their respective progress. It is necessary always to bear in mind the immense advantage possessed by the United States, from their national union and their national sentiment, over the British provinces, which, separate from and independent of each other, pursued divers and often conflicting courses and policies.

In 1790 the population of British North America was less than 200,000, that of the United States was 3,920,214, or twenty times as large. Fifty years later, in 1840, when the two Canadas were being reunited, British America had 1,200,000, and the United States 17,000,000, or only fourteen to one; in 1880 Canada had 4,328,819, and the United States 50,155,781, or less than twelve to one. The population of Canada, according to the Dominion census, which was taken in April 1891, is 4,829,411, which, with the

population of the United States at 62,622,250, as established by the census of 1890, would leave the ratio somewhat greater than ten years ago, or nearly thirteen to one. . . . . .

The following is a brief summary of the chief points in which our Canadian constitution differs from that of the United States, some of which have been more fully referred to above, others are merely enumerated here:

1. The Governor-General is appointed by the British Government, not e ected by the people.

2. Senators are appointed by the Dominion Government, and for life, and not for a term of years. The Senate practically occupies a subordinate place in legislation.

3. The House of Commons elections take place over the whole Dominion on one day—every five years or oftener. The House practically decides who are to be the government, or executive, as they must resign if it votes want of confidence. What is called in the United States the Australian Ballot System is used at all elections. Disputed elections are tried by the courts.

4. The members of the executive must all have seats in Parliament, either in the Senate or in the Commons.

5. The Dominion Parliament has jurisdiction over a number of subjects that in the United States are allotted to the respective states.

6. The civil servants are appointed for life or good behaviour, and do not go out with the party which appointed them.

7. The Lieutenant-Governors of the Provinces are appointed by the Dominion Government.

8. The Judges are also appointed by the Dominion Government, and for life. When unfit for further work, they may retire on two-thirds pay.

9. Each province receives an annual subsidy from the Dominion, based upon its population.

10. Except in the Maritime Provinces there are no divorce courts. The Senate tries the divorce cases, which are very rare, each requiring a separate act of Parliament. Adultery is the only cause recognized.

11. The French language is on an equal footing with the English in the Dominion Parliament, and in the Quebec Legislature. In the former it is seldom used, only 55 members out of 215 being French. In the Quebec Legislature four-fifths of the members are French.

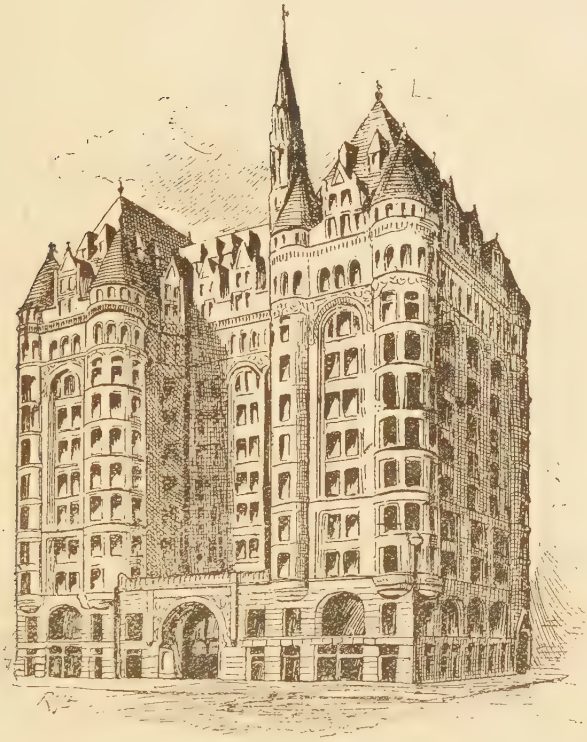
Oh, look ! the Saviour blest,
Calm after solemn rest
Stands in the garden 'neath His olive-boughs
The earliest smile of day
Doth on His vesture play,
And light the majesty of His still brows ;
While angles hang with wings outspread,
Holding the new-worn crown above His saintly head.

—*Jean Ingelow.*

THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION AND ITS WORK.

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD.

II.



WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION TEMPLE, CHICAGO.*

Evangelistic Work.—One of the most cheering signs is the flocking of women into evangelistic work. The Deaconess movement, the Christian Endeavour societies, Epworth League, King's Daughters, all have come up within ten years and have wonder-

* The lot on which the Woman's Christian Temperance Union Temple is built has a frontage of 190 feet on La Salle Street, by 96 on Monroe Street. It is owned by Marshall Field, and is worth at a low estimate $1,000,000. We have leased it from him for 200 years, without revaluation, at a rental of $40,000 a year.

The financial outline of the plan is as follows:—The temple will cost $1,100,000. Of this amount $600,000 has been raised in stock. It is to be bonded for

fully widened the proclamation of Christ's Gospel. Thirty years ago there were no foreign missionary societies of women—now, including all denominations, there are 25,000 local circles in the world. How home-like the good news becomes when brought by the motherly voices of women! From our own ranks we now send out bearers of the grand evangel to soldiers and sailors, miners and lumbermen, cowboys and paupers and prisoners.

White-ribbon evangelists multiplied mean revivals in which drink and tobacco are denounced and put aside. By wise foresight in our sowing we may have a hundred clean voters ten years hence where now we have but one.

The genius of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union was well illustrated recently in a town on the Minnesota prairies. It became known that a company of men was working on the railroad, and the statement was circulated on the streets that these men were so bad that women had better keep indoors during their stay; but instead of this, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union called a meeting, resolved to go out as a society and hold Gospel services in the camp of these men, taking two Christian brothers with them. The railroad hands received the Society most courteously. The women prayed and spoke. The men sang. The women distributed literature, shook hands and circulated the pledge, taking thirty-five names. The men asked them all to stay to supper and they did. The men said, "No good woman has ever

$600,000 more, allowing a surplus of $100,000 for necessary expenses which will accrue before rentals are due.

The style is French Gothic. It is to be thirteen stories high, and will be used as an office building, with the exception of the rooms set apart as headquarters of the National, State and City organizations, and a hall on the first floor to be called "Willard Hall," in honour of our beloved leader and president, Miss Willard. It will have memorial windows, and pedestals will support busts of illustrious persons who have lived and died for the cause of temperance. From Willard Hall the incense of prayer will ascend every day in the year for the suppression of the liquor traffic and the salvation of the drunkard.

The immense roof, which contains three stories, breaks as it ascends, into Gothic turrets, from the centre of which springs a fleche of gold bronze seventy feet high, surmounted by the beautiful form of a woman, with face upturned and hands outstretched to heaven in prayer, symbolical of the attitude of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, as she protests against the laws and customs of the nation in regard to the liquor traffic, and appeals unto God for help to save her home, children and land from its destroying power.

The building will be ready for occupancy May, 1892. A large number of offices have already been rented, among them four great National banks. The building will bring in a rental of over $200,000 a year.

Since the world began no edifice so unique and beautiful has ever been reared for philanthropic purposes; the finest office building on the globe, this is, confessedly, and to pour its entire income into the temperance treasury is what we can do if we will.—*Union Signal.*

taken an interest in us before." Twenty of them came to church in the village that evening. They said to the women: "We will not disappoint you; you have shown a motherly spirit toward us and we shall never forget it." Many such groups of semi-pagans are in our towns and cities all round the globe. Let the local superintendents of Gospel work enlist those who will go out as these women did, and we shall be sure to find that the Spirit of the Lord will go with us every time. As one of our good women said, "I have with me the Father, Son and Holy Spirit; backed up by these I am not afraid and will do all I can, with willing hands and a glad heart to help the great unwashed, untaught masses of humanity."

One of our national officers was recently passing along the crowded street of a New England manufacturing town, when a little barefooted waif crept to her side and, looking up into her face, called out in the most trustful tone: "Say, lady, where am I going to sleep to-night?" He had noticed her white ribbon. Only as we thus make ourselves welcome in the homes and hearts of God's poor have we about us the atmosphere of Him whose leadership we have dared publicly to claim. The little fellow knew she would see him taken care of, and he felt unbefriended no more. Indeed, he doubtless thought that it was her duty as well as her pleasure to look after his interests on the principle that the white ribboners are ordained to be a sort of foster-parent to thousands worse than motherless.

In London, in the window of every house belonging to a member of "The Submerged Tenth," the following card is now to be seen:

NOTICE.—"The Salvation Army Nursing and Visiting Sisters are ready, any hour, day or night, to help the sick and dying. Apply within. Freely done for Christ's sake."

We often hear that the world wants "something practical." Surely it is furnished in this announcement, which is nothing more or less than ought to be universal wherever the Church of Christ has gained a foothold, but alas, it is often only among those who, without the camp, are bearing the reproach of Israel.

It is the glory of the White Ribbon Army that they are doing this same work. Before we meet again there will be re-established in our Temple Hall at headquarters in Chicago, a daily Gospel Temperance Meeting, where bread for soul and body both will be given out in the name of Him who said, "I am the Bread of Life."

A little boy came to his father and laid his hand upon his knee, looking up wistfully. "Do you want a penny, child?" The

sweet face glowed and the answer came, "No, papa, only you." So it is with the child of God; he does not want the good things of the world one millionth part so much as he wants to know his Father's love. This is a true test for each of us, and by it we may know whether we are really in the faith.

The compass of a ship failed to point true. The ship fell off her track. The captain was alarmed. A careful investigation was made. Behold, a stove had been set up in the pilot's room because of the cold weather, and that had called the needle away from its old path. Notice, it is the warmer nest, the most luxurious surroundings that ofttimes cause the needle of our lives to point less true to the Star of Bethlehem.

> "God may have other words for other worlds,
> But for this world the Word of God is Christ."

Marriage and Divorce.—There are more divorces granted in the United States than in all the rest of the Christian world put together. In 1885, there were over 23,000 divorces in the United States, and not over 21,000 in all Christian Europe and America, besides at the present rate of increase, there will be in 100 years more marriages ended by divorce than by death.

In ten years the people of the United States have witnessed 20,000,000 marriages and 365,000 divorces, not a bad showing indeed in a wicked and inharmonious world. Why is it that people do not emphasize the successes rather than the failures in married life?

Requests for specimens of our social purity literature have come from all parts of the world this year, the most remarkable letter being from a Hindu gentleman of Beloochistan, a country from which I certainly did not expect to hear!

The true press is a throne of power for good, a pulpit for righteousness, a telephone of heavenly magic, for while the platform speaker is reaching a few thousands, the quiet editor is reaching armies.

Toward the army of men in this country who against their desperate appetite have formed a holy resolution, and who in keeping that resolve invoke the help of God, our hearts must ever turn with a sister's sympathy. For them was wrought our earliest work in the heroic days of the Crusade; for them our tears shall fall, our prayers ascend, and to them our hands be evermore outstretched in helpful deeds. Whether they seek deliverance by the Gospel cure, of all others the highest, surest and best, or by the Keeley cure, we will now and always bid them Godspeed and do all we can to encourage and strengthen them in their tremen-

dous fight. We shall resume our office and ministry to the ungospelled among the great humanity that beat their lives along the stony streets. Only a woman's heart could have uttered concerning our brothers who are bound in the drink slavery such words as these:

> "Judge not: the workings of his brain
> And of his heart thou canst not see:
> What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
> In God's pure light may only be
> A scar, brought from some well-won field,
> Where thou wouldst only faint and yield."

Mrs. Helen M. Gougar, the brilliant prohibition advocate, writes me that she has kept a record for two years, and finds that the newspapers read by her have reported within that period 3,004 wives murdered by drunken husbands.

There are two doors now open that I would, had I the power, lock before sunset; first, the mouth of the moderate drinker, by enlarging his scientific knowledge and mellowing his heart in wiser love to God and man; and next, the door that shuts every brewery, distillery and grog shop. The key that would do this is prohibition by law, prohibition by politics and prohibition by woman's ballot—may we soon grasp it in our firm and steady hands. We can do this; we propose to do it; we will do it. Well has it been said by that heroic leader, Ellice Hopkins, of England, "I cannot" is a lie on lips that say I "believe in the Holy Ghost." The king is the man that can, and they are kings in character who, as the combat deepens, still cry, "On, ye brave."

Total Abstinence.—That great thinker, Count Tolstoi, asserts in his new book that the general affairs of life, political, administrative, scientific, literary, artistic, are "conducted for the most part by men not in a normal condition of mind; by men who, to call things by their right names, are in a state of intoxication." For he claims that the man who takes his wine and his cigar regularly is never in a normal state of brain activity, as it would require at least a week's abstinence to get the effect out of his system. He divides life into two kinds of activity—first, the bringing of one's conduct into harmony with conscience, and second, the concealing from one's self the calls and reproaches of conscience. It is this latter purpose Tolstoi claims that wine and tobacco serve, and that for this reason men resort to them.

We now know as White Ribboners that alcohol acts upon the nerves as the soft pedal acts upon the wires of a piano; it deadens them so that they think cold is not cold, heat is not heat, trouble is not trouble; but this deadening effect is a delusion during

which the law of periodicity binds men with its pitiless chain; one day they have the drink, the gambling, the tobacco habit; the next day it has them.

The only place in the world in which a man under sentence of death can secure a substitute for money, is China, and the man agreeing to act as that substitute distributes the money he is to receive among his relatives, calls for his opium pipe, and goes his way out of the world. The power of narcotics over the human brain has, in this fact, its strongest and its most deplorable illustration.

The National Woman's Christian Temperance Union should add to its pledge in distinct terms, total abstinence from opium in all its forms, from chloral, and every other narcotic.

The human brain, with its fair, delicate, mystical filaments, is God's night-blooming cereus, its white radiance forever enclosed and shut away from sight, within the close crypt of the skull, but exhaling its fragrance in poetry and revealing its deep pure heart in science, philosophy, religion. Our Woman's Christian Temperance Union would keep that sacred blossom ever pure, fair and fragrant with God's truth and heaven's immortality.

The man who says, "I can carry more liquor than any other drinker in the town, and yet keep a level head," gives by that claim an inventory of goods already badly damaged. For since alcohol is pre-eminently a brain poison, men of most brain grow dizzy first, and Hottentots stand steady longest, while genius shrivels under drink like a snow wreath in the sun. As civilization becomes complex the brain acquires more convolutions to the square inch, and its delicate tissues are torn more ruthlessly by the coarse intruder, alcohol. By parity of reasoning, the more complex is the civilization developed, the more vital will it be that those who handle its fine mechanism shall have all their own keenly trained powers keyed up to concert pitch. The brain must think with lightning speed; the hand must be steadfast as steel; the pulse must beat strong, yet true, if a great commercial nation is to hold its own with the forces of chemistry, electricity and invention now on the field.

Temperance workers can hardly overestimate the value to the total abstinence cause of the multiplying modern inventions that put such a splendid premium upon teetotalism. The sure, slow lift of civilization's tidal wave is with us. It is always better farther on. Even as the farmer's crops grow while he is sleeping, so ten thousand forces are perpetually at work in this great laboratory of the world, to move forward the white car of temperance reform. We who give our whole lives to the movement are

hardly more than the weathervane that shows which way the wind is blowing.

And best of all, that blessed principle, the correlation of forces, makes it certain that personal total abstinence means prohibition law and prohibition politics; the man who doesn't drink is glad to help vote out the dram-shop, and has, as a rule, come to the clearer vision that since women are, as a class, total abstainers, their votes can, as a rule, be counted on to help put the liquor traffic under ban of law.

Let us then rejoice and take courage: the electric light fights against the Sisera of rum; every witty invention, every intricate machine, every swift moving engine hastens the dominance of Him upon whose shoulder shall yet be a government, "into which shall enter nothing that defileth, neither whatever loveth and maketh a lie."

"I would rather offend many than tempt any." These words of Mrs. William Windom, in explanation of why she did not offer wine when her husband was in the Cabinet, are worthy to be set in diamonds—nay, what is better, they shall ever be embalmed in our grateful hearts as total abstinence workers.

The insane cry of "personal liberty" is clarifying thoughtful minds by the perception that none of God's creation has so little liberty as man, to do as he pleases unless he pleases to obey God's natural laws.

Prohibition—The Banquo's Ghost of Politics.—The Orient says: "Everything comes to him who waits;" the Occident says: "Everything comes to him who works." Look at Asia; look at America; ask which continent has the larger proportion of healthy, happy, hopeful humans inside its borders; let the two answers test the two methods. But other worldliness comes in and says: Greater than these great continents is the realm where we shall live the longest; therefore, count that realm in—not out, of all your calculations. Both methods meet in its divine economy: "Learn to labour and to wait."

It was in this spirit that William the Silent, the great leader of the Dutch in their struggle for independence, said, "I do not need to hope to undertake; nor to succeed, to persevere."

Legislatures in 1891 have been like a hobby horse; there is plenty of motions, but very little progress.

Ministerial bodies have spoken out with remarkable faithfulness, both in England and Canada, Australia and the United States. They are far in advance of their respective flocks, whose votes, were they but aggregated, would rout the liquor traffic from these great nations one and all. For, as was said by Bishop

Foster, in his famous temperance talk a few years since, "If the Christian voters of this country would stand together at the ballot box to-day, there would be no legalized liquor traffic in America to-morrow." The same is equally true of all English-speaking lands.

It is the everlasting light over again. "If God be God, serve Him; if Baal be God, serve him." This is the key-note of the temperance movement in these times, and the most powerful text from which pulpit, pew or pen can preach the living gospel of this living age. Evermore the problem we are met to study, resolves itself back into individualities.

> "Not systems fit and wise,
> Not faiths with rigid eyes,
> Not wealth in mountain piles:
> Not power with gracious smiles,
> Not even the potent pen;
> But wanted: MEN."

Home protection has always seemed to me to be the true key-note of our mighty propaganda. It is winsome to the people's ears and avails itself of that great trend of public thought which is seeking to divert the attention from prohibition as a living issue of the time to protection by means of tariff laws. Let us take the war cry from our foes and nail it to the sacred flag of home which can alone give prosperity, purity and peace.

Maine's golden date is 1851. That happy commonwealth has now had prohibition forty years, and it is to-day better enforced than ever. My own city of Chicago has responded to the piteous plea of reputable men who said, "We want to try high license." After four years of high license, we have had an increase of fifty-eight per cent. in the arrests.

We women do not believe that it can ever be according to God's plan of government for the very best men and the very worst to march together to the ballot box and vote the selfsame ticket. There is a screw loose in somebody's conscience or perception whenever this is done. Our "intuitions" have leaped to this conclusion and they will never change.

There is no better ethical maxim outside God's Word than this of Kant: "Act as if the principle by which you act were, by your will, to be made a universal law of nature." Burke says that "Law is beneficence working by rule," and we call on Christian men to accept no lower definition in their selection of law makers. They resolve well in church convention; let them vote on a level with their declarations there and our occupation will soon be gone.

Listen to the stir and rumble of the loom of time. It is not to-

morrow that our cities will be in the clutch of the saloon, it is to-day. President Andrew D. White says: "That without the slightest exaggeration and with very few exceptions, the city governments of the United States are the very worst in Christendom—the most expensive, the most insufficient, and the most corrupt."

American women stand by singing to their native land that great song of Russell Lowell's:

> "What words divine of lover or of poet
> Could tell our love and make Thee know it,
> Among the nations bright beyond compare!
> What were our lives without Thee?
> What all our lives to save Thee?
> We reck not what we gave Thee;
> We will not dare to doubt Thee,
> But ask whatever else and we will dare!"

The day of direst need is near and will call us to the front not to dare only, but divinest word of all! To DO.

The Arabs have a proverb: "Tie your camel and then trust him to the Lord." Cromwell said: "Trust in God and keep your powder dry." Some such method as this we have learned by the things that we suffered, and a political "anchor cast to windward" seems to us to be in perfect keeping with a Crusader's faith.

And we say here now, speaking from our national and world-wide outlook, to the prohibition party in all lands:

> "Thank God for the token! One lip is still free,
> One spirit untrammelled, unbending one knee!
> Like the oak of the mountain, deep-rooted and firm,
> Erect, when the multitude bends to the storm;
> When traitors to 'Home' and to Honour and God
> Are bowed to an idol polluted in blood;
> When the recreant Church has forgotten her trust,
> And the lip of her honour is low in the dust—
> Thank God that one arm from the shackle has broken,
> Thank God that one party of Freemen has spoken."

As our own Mary T. Lathrop has said:

> "Out from the hearthstone, the children fair
> Pass from the breath of a mother's prayer;
> Shall a father's vote on the crowded street
> Consent to the snare for the thoughtless feet?"

Nay, more, shall a mother hesitate to ask that the home be protected. Shall she not stand like Minerva, with hemlet, shield and a spear, full panoplied against the foes of her helpless little ones?

The slogan has sounded for 1,000,000 prohibition votes in 1892. If this were a sober nation we should have 12,000,000; if women voted we should have 24,000,000 ballots—a snowdrift continent-wide under which to bury the saloon. But if, in 1892, home protection secure 1,000,000 votes, 1900 will witness national prohibition. If we are not ready to bear reproach outside the camp, then the crusade fire burns low upon our altars. That party which unmistakably declares for the prohibition of strong drink is the only one that can hope for the good will, good word and prayers of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. We nailed that banner to the masthead in 1884, and, sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, we will keep it waving.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union is criticised in certain quarters because it does not, like Paganini, twang on one string of the temperance violin. Prohibition politics and the Prohibition party are what our friends would have us speak of more steadily than we have done. They forget that we are not a political party; that we are not voters; that we are a great reform and philanthropic movement founded upon Christianity; that we have forty or more distinct lines of work that have developed in these seventeen years; and that while we are loyal to the last drop of blood and the last convolution of brain to those voters who stand in state and nation for prohibitory laws with enforcing officers behind them, and while we have said this to our cost, have kept on saying it, and say it still with no uncertain sound, we are doing more by our many-sided work to build on strong foundations the future of prohibition in politics than we could if we gave our whole minds to that mighty endeavour. We remember that all our roads lead to the Rome of the outlawed rum shop in this and every land, and we are sending detachments of the one great army along these separate roads, knowing that all will meet in God's good time, and that time is not far off.

The engine goes ahead of the train; it cuts the wind and storm; it gets the shaking-up. It is in the most dangerous place of all, and the most difficult. So is it with all kinds of leadership. Lowell's matchless words of Lincoln have material for us, even as a dewdrop may mirror the sun. Let us take heed to them.

> "How beautiful to see
> Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
> Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
> One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
> Not lured by any cheat of birth,
> But by his clear-grained human worth,
> And brave old wisdom of sincerity.

"They know that outward grace is dust;
They could not choose but trust
In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,
And supple-tempered will
That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust,
His was no lonely mountain peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
A sea-mark now, now lost in vapour's blind;
Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
Yet also nigh to heaven and love of loftiest stars."

Truth is a mirror that reflects the face of God, but ignorance and passion have stoned it into ten thousand fragments. Each of these is precious and all shall yet be gathered into completeness; but meanwhile we run off like children with a bit and think we have it all. Oh, that we may remember, here and always, that what we do not know would make a larger book than the world has ever seen. Socrates said that the chief difference between himself and those about him was in the fact that not knowing, he knew that he knew not, and knowing not, they fancied that they knew.

A straw cannot bear the strain to which a rope is equal; a rope cannot bear the strain that an iron bar can meet. Pine is a beautiful wood, but we do not put it in the hull of a ship, we want "heart of oak" to hold us safe against the thumping waves, and in every great reform the sifting process must go on, the assorting of materials, and, alas, oftentimes such a testing as threatens to cause disaster before we know just how much pressure different fractions can endure, that are being combined in the great totality of the ship that shall carry the Union over to its better heritage, its promised land of a clear brain, a steady beating heart, and a hand that does not tremble.

It is not learning, nor eloquence, nor generosity, nor insight, nor the tidal rush of impassioned feeling which will most effectually turn the dark places in men's hearts to light, but that enkindling and transforming temper which forever sees in humanity not that which is bad and hateful, but that which is lovable and improvable, which can both discern and effectually speak to that nobler longing of the soul which is the indestructible image of its Maker. It is this—this enduring belief in the redeemable qualities of the vilest manhood—which is the most potent spell in the ministry of Christ.

Under abuse and contradiction it is wiser to be silent, or if one must speak at all to do so with great gentleness; but silence is the most smothering blanket that was ever spun or woven.

May it never be said of any one of us that her reputation was in her way; that it was around under foot for her to stumble over; that it impeded the freedom of her movements and the frankness of her utterances until she hardly knew whether it was for better or for worse that she had taken to herself a reputation at all! Nay, verily, beloved; let us "rise to the occasion" every time, for history teaches that if reformers fail to do this, "the occasion" shall overwhelm them as Tarpeia was overwhelmed upon the rock at Rome, and shall grind them to powder as the stone cut without hands from the mountain grinds all who oppose its mighty march.

There are two classes: Men of whom this world is not worthy, and men who are not worthy of this world. But in the last analysis one thing remains, and that is this: It does not pay to be ambitious; the rewards are too transient and too ambiguous. Only he who feels a destiny upon him, the "woe is me" of St. Paul, the "here I stand" of Luther; the "I will be heard" of Garrison, has gained from God the momentum of soul that will enable him to take each wave as it comes toward him and, though "like some strong swimmer in his agony," to win the shore of victory at last.

It is those who are not working from motives of personal ambition who alone reach the truest fame. Joan of Arc heard heavenly voices speaking to her when she was but a simple shepherd girl in that pleasant land of France. Grace Darling thought only of rescue for drowning mariners buffeted by waves that affrighted even her own father's stout heart, and she rode across those waves to her immortality.

Those who have arrived at power from the gratitude, affection and confidence of their fellow-men will always be recognized by the simplicity of their bearing, their characters and lives, because they will perceive that they have no reason to be otherwise. Humanity alone is great. Individual leaders are but the little pin that registers in a thermometer the greatest height the column of mercury has reached; they are borne upon the shoulders of their comrades to heights none could achieve or bear alone.

A New Atmosphere.—The most that we women can do is to help create a new atmosphere, in which all pure, reasonable and righteous things can grow. Without money, and shorn of political power, we are pressing the levers of moral suasion in almost every school-house in the land. Well nigh 12,500,000 children are learning what science says of the effects of alcoholics and tobacco on the human system. Three hundred thousand children are being trained in our Loyal Temperance Legion to become the

temperance experts of the future. In every city, town and village a circle of steadfast souls holds the fort for total abstinence, circulates its literature and that of prohibition, befriends its homeless and forgotten ones, and in unnumbered ways permeates public sentiment with clearer and cleaner ideas of the conduct of life. In this new atmosphere the germs of physical holiness are growing, and the banyan tree of shelter for the home by prohibition of the saloon is taking root forever and a day.

In all this clamour we need have no fear for truth. Who fears for a sunbeam? They may ravel it out with their prisms; dissect it with their spectroscopes; analyze it in their retorts—it still shines on with calm and steady ray, giving to its students the very light by which they see it, "warming them up to their work," and vitalizing them with its actinic ray. So is it with the truth of God. No man can refract it by the smallest parallax of the most distant star; it is as luminous as sunshine; immutable as mathematics; steadfast as gravity. God, duty, destiny, immortality—these are mirrored in the human soul like stars in a mountain lake; they are reflected in our natures because they glow in the firmament, and we are mirrors made to bear their image.

The Supreme Court of the United States declares that the drink curse causes more crime than comes from any other source, and General Brinkeroff, of Ohio, a specialist in prison statistics, has said within a month:

> Crime is frightfully on the increase. If the United States census reports are to be trusted, crime for fifty years has risen like a tide to which there is no ebb. In 1850, the criminals were one in every 3,442 of population; in 1860, one in 1,647; in 1870, one in 1,020; in 1880, one in 837, and from the present appearance, the census of 1890 will show one in every 500 or 600.

Brains and crystals seem to follow the same law; after they have thoroughly cooled and taken form, the entrance of any new element involves a fracture. Hence, we should not be surprised that elderly conservatives do not permit the symmetry of their minds to be deformed by new ideas. It is to young men as to young parties, that we must look for these bright reincarnations. "Strike—but hear me," is the proverbial white ribbon cry. Two out-worn parties, held together by an organized appetite for spoils, are in their expiring agonies and woe to those who come within the circle where they fight. God help us to be brave; to cry aloud and spare not; to speak no harsh word of individuals but hold up wicked combinations to the execration they deserve; to "hate the sin and yet the sinner love."

We watch for the new party of moral ideas even as they that

watch for the morning. Nay, more, we work for it; nay, most of all, we pray for it. Oh, Thou, upon whose shoulder the government shall be, we hear Thy stately steppings on the sunshiny mountains of hope, though we are in the valley's hoary mist, and our hearts cry out with joy, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!"

"Who bides his time, he tastes the sweet
Of honey, in the saltest tear;
And though he fares with slowest feet,
Joy runs to meet him, drawing near;
The birds are heralds of his cause,
And, like a never-ending rhyme,
The roadsides bloom in his applause
Who bides his time."

"Methinks if we could see each heart as heaven views it,
So much of sorrow, care,
So many hurts are there,
Of joy so small a part—
Poor, broken human heart!—
So pitiful 'twould seem our hands would no more bruise it."

The world is less materialistic than it has ever been. More people are now out in search of a religion than at any previous epoch. God's Fatherhood, Men's Brotherhood, Women's Sisterhood; all these are in the air, they are themes instinct with life. The Temperance, the Labour and the Woman questions are the offspring of Christ's Gospel; only minds saturated with Christian thought could ever have conceived; only hearts mellow with Christian love could have cherished; only wills aflame with Christian zeal can ever answer them. All these are Sunday subjects, for they are sacred as a child at prayer; indeed, they are our prayer in this childhood of humanity for a broader, better chance to be, to live and to achieve the greatness for which we were created.

The World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union.—What a working age is ours! I can go to the telephone in my little back hall at Rest Cottage, and in an hour communicate in almost any part of the world that is not absolutely savage, with a woman having a white ribbon on her breast. The day may come when in the same period I could be with her, going in my own aerial ship. If reforms grow like Jack's bean stalk now-a-days and spread themselves like Jonah's gourd, how incalculably swift their progress and diffusion when time and space are practically annihilated as they are sure to be!

It seems to me our Heavenly Father trusts us just as fast and far as He can. We are not yet steady-headed enough to navigate

the air, traverse the depths of the sea, transform the face of nature at our will, and decide what sort of weather it shall be to-morrow. Brains clean from alcoholic fumes and clear of all tobacco cob-webs; brains unperturbed by the fever of this transition age alone can carry to success those co-operative forces, by which we shall yet change the old proverb, "each for himself and the devil take the hindmost," to "each for the other that there may be no hindmost for the devil to take."

In England, they manage the linguistic part of the temperance propaganda better than we do. The word "Prohibition" is never used. They follow the more logical method of affirmative utterance, and the bill so long and cogently advocated by Sir Wilfred Lawson, is called "The Permissive Bill," by the terms of which permission is given by the general to the local governments to handle the liquor traffic according to their own good sense. In England, scientific temperance instruction is being urged in the board schools (the same as our common public schools), that stalwart nation appreciating the solid and practical character of this department of our work.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union, wherever it wins its widening way, will always stand for no compromise with alcohol, no compromise with opium, none with tobacco, none with personal impurity of life. The only words to apply to this foul brood of vipers are abolition, pulverization, annihilation.

There is special impulse, not only intellectual, but moral and spiritual as well, in a movement that has but one name, one badge, one hour of prayer, one pledge, one plan of work, one great petition, and one constitution for all the temperance women of Christendom, so that it means concentrated energy and *esprit de corps* when we sing:

"There are bands of ribbon white,
Around the world, around the world."

But, friends,
Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise
From outward things, whate'er you may believe,
There is an inmost centre in us all,
Where truth abides in fulness; and around,
Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in,
This perfect, clear reception—which is truth.
A baffling and perverting carnal mesh
Blinds it and makes all error; and to know
Rather consists in opening out a way
Whence the imprisoned spend or may escape
Than in effecting entry for a light
Supposed to be without. —*Robert Browning.*

GOD IN THE VICTORIAN AGE.*

BY REV. W. WILLIAMS, D.D.

"That in the ages to come he might show the exceeding riches of His grace in His kindness to us through Christ Jesus."—Eph. ii. 7.

THERE is a sublime audacity in these words of the apostle. He took it for granted that Christianity was to last through all ages, and dominate them. He knew it was no ephemeral system, here to-day and gone to-morrow. It was to outlast all other religions, and control all nations to the end of time. To his Lord every knee should bow, and by Him every tongue should swear. Eighteen hundred years had passed since those magnificent words were spoken, and a living Christ, and a conquering Christianity attested their truth. As Sons of England, though they had world-wide sympathies, and were interested in universal humanity, their nearest and their dearest thoughts rested on the British Empire. They were highly favoured in having their lot cast in so fair a domain, in the enjoyment of a civilization so advanced, and of rights and privileges so precious as those which belonged to them as subjects of a government which, with all its faults, was as near perfection as human institutions had ever gone. He spoke not of party, or provincial, or even Canadian politics, when he said that, though they were worthy of the thought and interest accorded them, but of their position as citizens of a Greater Britain, a nationality that belted the world. That Sunday was the birthday of our most gracious queen, and he would not be out of place if he sought to trace the hand of God in the history of the empire during her reign.

The first indication of the gracious hand of God was seen in the events which led to the elevation of their present sovereign to the throne. She was not reared amidst the splendours of a court. There were so many rightful expectants at her birth between her and the crown that years passed before any thought of such a possibility entered her mind. The court of William IV. was, to put it mildly, scarcely the place for a young and modest maiden to feel at home in. Hence she was brought up under her mother's care at Kensington palace, and at Claremont, the quiet country house of the Duchess of Kent. She was thoroughly instructed in the Christian faith, and became known especially for her intelligence, thoughtfulness, and truthfulness.

*A sermon preached before the Sons of England Society at Lindsay, Ont.

It was not till she was twelve years of age, after George IV. was dead, that it was deemed prudent to allow her to know how near she stood to the throne. Her tutor requested her to draw out the genealogical tree of English royalty. As she proceeded with her task she said earnestly, "Mamma, I cannot see who is to come after uncle William but myself." She was told that so it was. Then she said, "It is a very solemn thing. There is splendour, but there is responsibility; I will be good." There could be no doubt that she had kept that promise during the nearly fifty-five years of her reign. As a queen, a wife, a mother, she had been and was what she had been as a daughter, eminently good. Goodness was moral greatness. There could be no real greatness that was not founded on goodness. Well was it said by one who was no mean authority, "The good alone are great;" and Tennyson told them, "It was only noble to be good." To the queen of England that nobility which was more than coronets belonged. Splendid as her titles were, magnificent as her royal robes and crown jewels were, vast as her empire was, her goodness of heart and her purity of life, while they gave added lustre to all of these, caused her to shine with a glory peculiarly her own. She was not ashamed to tell the heathen chieftain that the Bible was the secret of England's greatness. She thought it not beneath her to teach little children in the Sabbath-school of Crathie; and in those days of skepticism as to prayer and its efficacy, she hesitated not to request the nation's prayers in her affliction, nor to thank God before the world for the raising of her eldest son from the borders of the tomb. With the same appreciation of moral excellence her noble husband sympathized, and it was not the least of the things that Christian England should be thankful for, that he was remembered as "Albert the Good."

They too had traced the good hand of God in providing wise and able councillors for their gracious sovereign. When at five o'clock on the morning of June 20th, 1837, she, a young girl of eighteen years, was called from her bed to learn that she was queen of England, she stood with unbound hair and slippered feet, while Viscount Melbourne, the Duke of Wellington and the royal Dukes of Cambridge and Sussex, bent the knee in homage before her. The Iron Duke who had never lowered his head before the shot and shell which had swept around him on many a battlefield, bowed before the gentle majesty of his sovereign's smile, while the premier, Melbourne, was her adviser till his life ended, for his friendship was not that of mere official relation. Led by the advice of her wise councillors, which also coincided with her own predilections, she became wedded to the princely

Albert, who filled the difficult position of consort with rare tact and unfailing wisdom, and in him she found a guide whose influence was as unobtrusive as it was helpful.

Sir Robert Peel followed Viscount Melbourne as prime minister, while Cobden in unofficial circles, with an eloquence as logical as it was persuasive, hurled his thunderbolts against the corn-laws. Then the Duke of Wellington came into prominence as leader in the house of lords, only to prove that men might marshal armies and win victories on the battlefield, who could not gather laurels from the arena of political strife. Then a man small of stature but large of head, Lord John Russell, took the reins of government, and then came the funeral of the Iron Duke, and she who had mourned the loss of Melbourne as a paternal friend, brought her children with her to do honour to the second of the men who had greeted her as queen. Then Lord Aberdeen came into office, and Palmerston lighted the torch of war, and Alma, and Inkerman, and Balaclava, and Sebastopol, were names placed for the first time on the banners of the British army. Florence Nightingale did more skilful battle with disease and wounds than women had been wont to do, and pious soldiers like Hedley Vicars and Hammond went from the prayer-meeting in the tents to do, and dare, and die in the terrible trenches. Then the names of John Bright, and Gladstone, and Disraeli, Hartington, Stanley, and Salisbury came to the front in council, or outside of it, advising the throne, or leading the people, and through the age, the nation grew, and prospered, verifying the inspired adage that "in the multitude of councillors there is safety." These national leaders were as a rule men of high moral character, who rose far above mediocrity in the tone of their lives as well as in the splendour of their talents, and for these things men should thank God.

The hand of God was apparent in the protection accorded to the British throne and dominions during the long reign of their gracious queen. She came to her throne in troublous times. In Canada civil war was just dying out. The former monarch had not been the most popular. The old was meeting with the new. Things were in a transition state. But the mild dignity of the maiden queen won the affections of the people, the tact of her advisers toned down the difficulties, and the promise of peace was strong. But it was broken by the pistol-shot of the would-be assassin. Then the Chartist and Corn-law agitations; but these passed by without damage either to the person of the queen or the tranquility of the nation. Then came the terrible disaster of the Khyber Pass, but India remained intact. Then the Sikh war

which added to territory under British control. The Irish famine aroused the anxieties and drew forth the charities of the nation.

Then came the year of revolutions, 1848. The sovereigns of France, Austria and Prussia fled, some to return, some not; masses of Chartists rose and paraded the streets of London, and reached the doors of the House of Parliament; but the Queen, seated in the affections of her people, remained undisturbed. The Crimean war that followed, though it cost Britain many lives, left England triumphant. The mutiny in India threatened that country, but left the British Government there stronger than ever. The American war, though it deprived the cotton mills of England of material, threw thousands out of employment, and caused great distress, ended in the restoration of prosperity to the commercial and manufacturing interests of the land. Lord Napier's expedition to Abyssinia, and Lord Wolseley's up the Nile, were dictated by the purest humanity and did not detract from the national character. Through failure as well as success the providence of God worked His wise designs, and to Him they should be thankful.

A gracious providence had wonderfully developed the resources, advanced the civilization, and promoted the intellectual and scientific achievements of the country during the reign of Victoria. I am quite aware that there might be much apparent progress along all these lines, without any great moral advance. Still, all truth, whether social, material, literary, or scientific, was of God. Truth in nature must agree with truth in art, and both with truth in revelation, for all its forms were divine. There could be no question that the discoveries made during the last fifty years would have been made earlier had the heart and mind of man been fitted to make the best use of them.

When Victoria ascended the throne the ocean steamer, the electric telegraph, the telephone, the phonograph, the photograph, the cheap postal system, and the rapid communication of intelligence of every sort throughout the civilized world, were things to be, but at that time they were not anticipated. Only seven years before she became queen the first railway train ran on the iron rails. A journey from one end of Great Britain to the other was at that time a greater undertaking than a voyage to Canada from Liverpool now would be. The scientific achievements of the last fifty years were greater in some respects than all that had been reached before. The poetry, theology, history, philosophy and art of that age had made amazing strides. God was in these things. They need not fear for Christianity; all that was true in it would live, for truth was indestructible. They need not fear for society; all social truth would live, and all that was

not right and proper would die out. They were on the eve of great social and moral and, it might be, theological revolutions, but though a nation should be born in a day, it was only the classes who were intrenched in selfishness who would see their defences destroyed, for out of the destruction of the old came the construction of the new.

During the reign of Victoria there had been other triumphs than those of war, and in them the good hand of God had been manifest. For years the mind of Prince Albert had been full of a scheme for a universal exhibition of the products of the art and industry of the world. On May 1st, 1851, his idea was realized, and the first International Exhibition was opened in Hyde Park, London. The devout feeling of the royal family was expressed in the inspired inscription placed upon the arch of the principal aisle, "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." That had since been followed by similar exhibitions in most of the leading Christian cities of the world, bringing the people from the ends of the earth, familiarizing the heathen with the civilization that was built upon Gospel principals, humanizing, elevating and instructing the masses, and promoting the intelligence of mankind; vast charities, scientific, literary, social, commercial and religious conventions, embracing minds of all kinds, were inaugurated, and the race was becoming a great fraternity.

Nor had religious institutions failed to feel the force and energy of that progressive age. The churches had never since apostolic days been so enterprising. Their charities were multiplying, the spirit of union was winning its way, hard theological angles were being worn away, the rigour of systems were giving way to more elasticity of method, and individuality of thought and action had free play. Some of the grandest preachers the world had ever known had flourished during the present reign. In America such men as Simpson, Beecher, Phillips Brooks, Storrs and Newton had led religious thought. In Britain, Dean Stanley, Canon Farrar, in the Establishment; Joseph Parker and Newman Hall, among the Independents; McNeil, the Presbyterian; the great open-communion Baptist preacher, Spurgeon; and among the Methodists, William Morley Punshon, Richard Roberts, and Wm. Cooke, were mighty men, and moved the masses almost at will.

God had taught the nation important lessons during the reign of Victoria. There was no reasoning so potent as the logic of events. God said to men of that day as He did of old, "Come and let us reason together." The nations were learning that war was not the best method of settling international difficulties. On more than one occasion other means had been tried and found

effective. Had the Americans of the North and South listened to the voice of God, and under His guidance reasoned righteously with each other, an immense amount of blood and treasure would have been saved. The Crimean war taught Great Britain the same lesson. The terrible truth was also taught by the Indian mutiny, that national wrong-doing brought national punishment. The intensely mercantile spirit that compelled the inhabitants of India to grow opium that it might be forced upon the Chinese under the mouths of British cannon, met its punishment in that dreadful uprising. The Chartist and Socialistic movements, and the chronic discontent in Ireland were teaching the lesson that class legislation must produce evil results. It paid nations, as it paid individuals, to do right. With governments, as well as subjects, it was true that "Honesty is the best policy." The British Government was the best in the world, but it had serious faults; as, like all human institutions, it was imperfect. Yet God was above and beyond all, and He would bring good out of it all.

As Sons of England, and residents under the old flag, they should value their privileges. They had been trained in Christian homes, had heard "the sound of the church-going bell," had lived under a righteous administration, had received and enjoyed much, and for it all they were accountable to God and to each other. To be good citizens of the country they must be righteous men, true to conscience and to law. As a Christian minister, I believe that the best form of righteousness was that which was reached through the life and death of the Lord Jesus Christ. The life of the God-man was a perfect model of a pure manhood. He furnished not only the example but the grace by which they might form their conduct in accordance with it. To be Christ-like was to be in the highest sense a man; and to be a true man was to be fit for citizenship in that world in which they were, and in that to which they hoped to come.

Good tidings every day!
God's messengers ride fast.
We do not hear one-half they say,
There is such noise on the highway,
Where we must wait while they ride past.

Their banners blaze and shine
With Jesus Christ's dear name
And story, how by God's design
He saves us in His love divine,
And lifts us from our sin and shame.

—*Saxe Holme.*

RECREATIONS IN ASTRONOMY.*

BY BISHOP WARREN, D.D.

THE SUN.

Suppose we had stood on the dome of Boston State-house November 9th, 1872, on the night of the great conflagration, and seen the fire break out; seen the engines dash through the streets, tracking their path by their sparks; seen the fire encompass a whole block, leap the streets on every side, surge like the billows of a storm-swept sea; seen great masses of inflammable gas rise like dark clouds from an explosion, then take fire in the air, and, cut off from the fire below, float like argosies of flame in space. Suppose we had felt the wind that came surging from all points of the compass to fan that conflagration till it was light enough a mile away to see to read the finest print, hot enough to decompose the torrents of water that were dashed on it, making new fuel to feed the flame. Suppose we had seen this spreading fire seize on the whole city, extend to its environs, and, feeding itself on the very soil, lick up Worcester with its tongues of flame—Albany, New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati—and crossing the plains swifter than a prairie fire, making each peak of the Rocky Mountains hold up aloft a separate torch of flame, and the Sierras whiter with heat than they ever were with snow, the waters of the Pacific resolve into their constituent elements of oxygen and hydrogen, and burn with unquenchable fire! We withdraw into the air, and see below a world on fire. All the powers have burst into intensest activity. Quiet breezes have become furious tempests. Look around this flaming globe—on fire above, below, around—there is nothing but fire. Let it roll beneath us till Boston comes round again. No ember has yet cooled, no spire of flame has shortened, no surging cloud has been quieted. Not only are the mountains still in flame, but other ranges burst up out of the seething sea. There is no place of rest, no place not tossing with raging flame! Yet all this is only a feeble figure of the great burning sun. It is but the merest hint, a million times too insignificant.

The sun appears small and quiet to us because we are so far away. Looked for from some of the stars about us, the sun could not be seen at all. Indeed, seen from the earth, it is not always

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the same size, because the distance is not always the same. If we represent the size of the sun by one thousand on the 23rd of September or 21st of March, it would be represented by nine hundred and sixty-seven on the 1st of July, and by one thousand and thirty-four on the 1st of January.

We sometimes speak of the sun as having a diameter of 860,000 miles. We mean that that is the extent of the body as seen by the eye. But that is a small part of its real diameter. So we say the earth has an equatorial diameter of 7,925½ miles, and a polar one of 7,899. But the air is as much a part of the earth as the rocks are. The electric currents are as much a part of the earth as the ores and mountains they traverse. What the diameter of the earth is, including these, no man can tell. We used to say the air extended forty-five miles, but we now know that it reaches vastly farther. So of the sun, we might almost say that its diameter is infinite, for its light and heat reach beyond our measurement. Its living, throbbing heart sends out pulsations, keeping all space full of its tides of living light.

We might say with evident truth that the far-off planets are a part of the sun, since the space they traverse is filled with the power of that controlling king; not only with light, but also with gravitating power.

But come to more ponderable matters. If we look into our western sky soon after sunset, on a clear, moonless night in March or April, we shall see a dim, soft light, somewhat like the milky-way, often reaching, well-defined, to the Pleiades. It is wedge-shaped, inclined to the south, and the smallest star can easily be seen through it. Mairan and Cassini affirm that they have seen sudden sparkles and movements of light in it. All our best tests show the spectrum of this light to be continuous, and therefore reflected; which indicates that it is a ring of small masses of meteoric matter surrounding the sun, revolving with it and reflecting its light. One bit of stone as large as the end of one's thumb, in a cubic mile, would be enough to reflect what light we see looking through millions of miles of it. Perhaps an eye sufficiently keen and far away would see the sun surrounded by a luminous disk, as Saturn is with his rings. As it extends beyond the earth's orbit, if this be measured as a part of the sun, its diameter would be about 200,000,000 miles.

Come closer. When the sun is covered by the disk of the moon at the instant of total eclipse, observers are startled by strange swaying luminous banners, ghostly and weird, shooting in changeful play about the central darkness. These form the corona. Men have usually been too much moved to describe them, and

have always been incapable of drawing them in the short minute or two of their continuance. But in 1878 men travelled eight thousand miles, coming and returning, in order that they might note the three minutes of total eclipse in Colorado. Each man had his work assigned to him, and he was drilled to attend to that and nothing else. Improved instruments were put into his hands, so that the sun was made to do his own drawing and give his own picture at consecutive instants.

It is then settled that the corona consists of reflected light, sent to us from dust particles or meteoroids swirling in the vast seas, giving new densities and rarities, and hence this changeful light. Whether they are there by constant projection, and fall again to the sun, or are held by electric influence, or by force of orbital revolution, we do not know. That the corona cannot be in any sense an atmosphere of any continuous gas, is seen from the fact that the comet of 1843, passing within 93,000 miles of the body of the sun, was not burned out of existence as a comet, nor in any perceptible degree retarded in its motion. If the sun's diameter is to include the corona, it will be from 1,260,000 to 1,460,000 miles.

Come closer still. At the instant of the totality of the eclipse red flames of most fantastic shape play along the edge of the moon's disk. They can be seen at any time by the use of a proper telescope with a spectroscope attached. I have seen them with great distinctness and brilliancy with the excellent eleven-inch telescope of the Wesleyan University.

No language can convey nor mind conceive an idea of the fierce commotion we here contemplate. If we call these movements hurricanes, we must remember that what we use as a figure moves but one hundred miles an hour, while these move one hundred miles a second. Such storms of fire on earth, "coming down upon us from the north, would, in thirty seconds after they had crossed the St. Lawrence, be in the Gulf of Mexico, carrying with them the whole surface of the continent in a mass not simply of ruins but of glowing vapour, in which the vapours arising from the dissolution of the materials composing the cities of Boston, New York, and Chicago would be mixed in a single indistinguishable cloud." In the presence of these evident visions of an actual body in furious flame, we need hesitate no longer in accepting as true the words of St. Peter of the time "in which the [atmospheric] heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also, and the works that are therein, shall be burned up."

This region of discontinuous flame below the corona is called

the chromosphere. Hydrogen is the principal material of its upper part; iron, magnesium, and other metals, some of them as yet unknown on earth, but having a record in the spectrum, in the denser parts below. If these fierce fires are a part of the sun, as they assuredly are, its diameter would be from 1,060,000 to 1,260,000 miles.

Let us approach even nearer. We see a clearly recognized even disk, of equal dimensions in every direction. This is the photosphere. We here reach some definitely measurable data for estimating its visible size. We already know its distance. Its disk subtends an angle of 32′4″, or a little more than half a degree. Three hundred and forty such suns, laid side by side, would span the celestial arch from east to west with a half circle of light. Two lines drawn from our earth at the angle mentioned would be 860,000 miles apart at the distance of 92,500,000 miles. This, then, is the diameter of the visible and measurable part of the sun. It would require one hundred and eight globes like the earth in a line to measure the sun's diameter, and three hundred and thirty-nine, to be strung like the beads of a necklace, to encircle his waist. The sun has a volume equal to 1,245,000 earths, but being about a quarter as dense, it has a mass of only 326,800 earths. It has seven hundred times the mass of all the planets, asteroids, and satellites put together. Thus it is able to control them all by its greater power of attraction.

Concerning the condition of the surface of the sun many opinions are held. That it is hot beyond all estimate is indubitable. Whether solid or gaseous we are not sure. Opinions differ: some incline to the first theory, others to the second; some deem the sun composed of solid particles, floating in gas so condensed by pressure and attraction as to shine like a solid. It has no sensible changes of general level, but has prodigious activity in spots. These spots have been the objects of earnest and almost hourly study on the part of such men as Secchi, Lockyer, Faye, Young, and others, for years. But it is a long way off to study an object. No telescope brings it nearer than 100,000 miles. Theory after theory has been advanced, each one satisfactory in some points, none in all. The facts about the spots are these: They are most abundant on the two sides of the equator. They are gregarious, depressed below the surface, of vast extent, black in the centre, usually surrounded by a region of partial darkness, beyond which is excessive light. They have motion of their own over the surface—motion rotating about an axis, upward and downward about the edges. They change their apparent shape as the sun carries them across its disk by axial revolution, being narrow

as they present their edges to us, and rounder as we look perpendicularly into them.

These spots are also very variable in number, sometimes there being none for nearly two hundred days, and again whole years during which the sun is never without them. The period from maximum to maximum of spots is about eleven years. We might have looked for them in vain in 1878. They were numerous in 1884, and will be in 1894 if not again delayed. The cause of this periodicity was inferred to be the near approach of the enormous planet Jupiter, causing disturbance by its attraction. But the periods do not correspond, and the cause is the result of some law of solar action to us as yet unknown.

These spots may be seen with almost any telescope, the eye being protected by deeply coloured glasses.

Until within one hundred years they were supposed to be islands of scoriæ floating in the sea of molten matter. But they were depressed below the surface, and showed a notch when on the edge. Wilson originated and Herschel developed the theory that the sun's real body was dark, cool, and habitable, and that the photosphere was a luminous stratum at a distance from the real body, with openings showing the dark spots below. Such a sun would have cooled off in a week, but would previously have annihilated all life below.

The solar spots being most abundant on the two sides of the equator, indicates their cyclonic character; the centre of a cyclone is rarified, and therefore colder, and cold on the sun is darkness. M. Faye says: "Like our cyclones, they are descending, as I have proved by a special study of these terrestrial phenomena. They carry down into the depths of the solar mass the cooler materials of the upper layers, formed principally of hydrogen, and thus produce in their centre a decided extinction of light and heat as long as the gyratory movement continues. Finally the hydrogen set free at the base of the whirlpool becomes reheated at this great depth, and rises up tumultuously around the whirlpool, forming irregular jets, which appear above the chromosphere. These jets constitute the protuberances."

A spot of 20,000 miles diameter is quite small; there was one 74,816 miles across, visible to the naked eye for a week in 1843. This particular sun-spot somewhat helped the Millerites. On the day of the eclipse, in 1858, a spot over 107,000 miles in extent was clearly seen. In such vast tempests, if there were ships built as large as the whole earth, they would be tossed like autumn leaves in an ocean storm.

The revolution of the sun carries a spot across its face in about fourteen days. After a lapse of as much more time, they often

reappear on the other side, changed but recognizable. They often break out or disappear under the eye of the observer. They divide like a piece of ice dropped on a frozen pond, the pieces sliding off in every direction, or combine like separate floes driven together into a pack. Sometimes a spot will last for more than two hundred days, recognizable through six or eight revolutions. Sometimes a spot will last only half an hour.

The velocities indicated by these movements are incredible. An up-rush and down-rush at the sides has been measured of twenty miles a second; a side-rush or whirl, of one hundred and twenty miles a second. These tempests rage from a few days to half a year, traversing regions so wide that our Indian Ocean, the realm of storms, is too small to be used for comparison; then, as they cease, the advancing sides of the spots approach each other at the rate of 20,000 miles an hour; they strike together, and the rising spray of fire leaps thousands of miles into space. It falls again into the incandescent surge, rolls over mountains as the sea over pebbles, and all this for eon after eon without sign of exhaustion or diminution. All these swift succeeding Himalayas of fire, where one hundred worlds could be buried, do not usually prevent the sun's appearing to our far-off eyes as a perfect sphere.

To what end does this enormous power, this central source of power, exist? That it could keep all these gigantic forces within itself could not be expected. It is a system where every atom is made to affect every other atom, and every world to influence every other. The Author of all lives only to do good, to send rain on the just and unjust, to cause his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and to give his spirit, like a perpetually widening river, to every man to profit withal.

The sun reaches his unrelaxing hand of gravitation to every other world at every instant. The tendency of every world is to fly off in a straight line. This tendency must be momentarily curbed, and the planet held in its true curve about the sun. These giant worlds must be perfectly handled. Their speed, amounting to seventy times as fast as that of a rifle-ball, must be managed. Each and every world may be said to be lifted momentarily and swung perpetually at arm's length by the power of the sun.

The sun warms us. It would convey but a small idea of the truth to state how many hundreds of millions of cubic miles of ice could be melted by the sun every second without quenching its heat; but if anyone has any curiosity to know, it is 287,200,000 cubic miles of ice per second.

We journey through space which has a temperature of 200° below zero; but we live, as it were, in a conservatory, in the

midst of perpetual winter. We are roofed over by the air that treasures the heat, floored under by strata both absorptive and retentive of heat, and between the earth and air violets grow and grains ripen. The sun has a strange chemical power. It kisses the cold earth, and it blushes with flowers and matures the fruit and grain. We are feeble creatures, and the sun gives us force. By it the light winds move one-eighth of a mile an hour, the storm fifty miles, the hurricane one hundred. The force is as the square of the velocity. It is by means of the sun that the merchant's white-sailed ships are blown safely home. So the sun carries off the miasma of the marsh, the pollution of cities, and then sends the winds to wash and cleanse themselves in the sea-spray. The water-falls of the earth turn machinery, and make Lowells and Manchesters possible, because the sun lifted all that water to the hills.

Intermingled with these currents of air are the currents of electric power, all derived from the sun. These have shown their swiftness and willingness to serve man. The sun's constant force displayed on the earth is equal to 543,000,000,000 engines of 400-horse power each, working day and night; and yet the earth receives only $\frac{1}{2300000000}$ part of the whole force of the sun.

Besides all this, the sun, with provident care, has made and given to us coal. This omnipotent worker has stored away in past ages an inexhaustible reservoir of his power which man may easily mine and direct, thus releasing himself from absorbing toil.

BETWEEN.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Behind—the road, crossed by so many shadows,
Winds from my failing sight;
Before—the mists hang thickly o'er the river;
Beyond—is heaven's light.

O Saviour, Guide—throughout the weary journey
Up to this border land,
Where, with eyes strained to pierce the mists before me,
All tremblingly I stand—

Go with me as I ford the eddying current,
For, if Thou walk beside,
I must pass safely through the darksome waters
Of even this dread tide!

Oh, let me feel Thy presence in the darkness!
Hold me with Thy Strong Hand—
And lead from out the gloom, past every shadow,
Into our Father's land.

AUD GWORDIE—THE SAINT OF THE VALLEY.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY REV. J. V. SMITH.

Gwordie at Home.

"'Hallelujah we sing
To our Father and King,
And His rapturous praises repeat;
To the Lamb that was slain,
Hallelujah again,
Sing all heaven, and fall at His feet!'

"That's the kind of song ah like," said the subject of this sketch, who had just finished singing the above "nines and sixes" to a quaint, but spirited tune.

"Theer's life an' joy an' praise in ivery line, Hallelujah! It's nonsense for folks to be tellin' us that this world is a wilderness of woe, an' man was made to mourn an' all that kind of miserable stuff. Ah know better. Religion is nea dark, damp, dowly, underground business. It cumfort, an' gladness, an' joy, an' sunleet. Thoo knows what Isaiah says aboot it, 'The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs,' *songs* mind you; and a verra good reason follows, "they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.' Ah don't intend to wait till ah git to heaven to know something aboot that. Praise the Lord, ah know lots aboot it noo. Don't we feel it in oor hearts when we sing:

"'The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.
Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.'

"Happy! Bless the Lord, ah canna help masel'. Ah've nowt else to dea but drink of the river of love flowin' on for iver. Like the lark on a bonnie spring mornin', mah soul moonts to heaven on the wings of song.

"T'other day a few black-leakin cloods cam ower mah, an' a cold shadow settled doon on mah soul, an' ah began to shudder an' shiver in a dreedfu' way; but ah said, 'Come noo, Gwordie, this will niver dea; thoo mun git away from these dark doots an'

gloomy thoughts, they're bad company. The ladder of praise is let doon fra heaven; run up a few steps an' thoo'l nut feel sea damp an' dowly.' So ah began to climb, an' as ah went up step by step, ah could'nt help singing:

"'In darkest shades, if Thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And Thou my rising sun.

"'The opening heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows His mercy mine,
And whispers I am His.

"'My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.'

"As ah went up into the warm sunleet of God's smile, it wasn't varra lang till cloods an' shadows an' shivers were all forgotten. Ah was as happy as Peter on the mount of Transfiguration. Mah heart was as warm as the hearts of the two disciples on their way to Emmaus, so ah sang:

"'Come, O Lord, from the skies,
And command us to rise,
To the mansions of glory above;
With our Head to ascend
And eternity spend
In a rapture of heavenly love.'

"If David charmed the devil out of Saul with his harp, ah've chased him oot of hoose an' harbour mony a time with a song. He hates it; he canna stand it. Like a dog he howls and runs when he hears it. Hallelujah!

"'Jesus! the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.'"

Such were the high spiritual moods in which Aud Gwordie usually lived. Like Enoch, he walked and talked with God. Such men are not any too numerous among us to-day; they are at a premium the world over.

Look for a moment at this old prophet of Israel. He is one of nature's noble men; he belongs to the aristocracy of goodness; he is a "gem of purest ray serene." To talk with him is to feel that

God's angels are still walking the earth in human form. Six feet two inches high, well and firmly built, straight as an arrow, keen bright gray eyes looking out from beneath heavy shaggy eyebrows, aquiline nose, well-formed mouth and chin, everything about him indicating strong individuality of character. Standing on the heavenward side of threescore years, he is daily gathering around him

"The rich relics of a well-spent life."

Such were the moral and physical features which inhered in this man of God, familiarly called "Aud Gwordie" throughout a large portion of the beautiful Tyne valley in which he lived.

Religiously considered, he was like Saul among the prophets, head and shoulders above his fellow Christians; yet, all unconscious of his commanding goodness, he lived and laboured as though he were the least in the kingdom of heaven.

Gwordie at Prayer-meeting.

The cottage prayer-meeting was an important factor towards building up the religious life of the people called Methodists in this quiet valley of which we have spoken, and Gwordie was the acknowledged leader in this helpful work. How inspiring his presence! How grandly he could start the tunes; not the new fangled ditties which we have *ad nauseam* to-day, and which in many cases are anything but a help towards genuine devotion and Christian worship, but the grand old tunes "Dundee," "Martyrdom," "Devises," "Coronation," "Wareham," "Josiah," and dozens of others equally good. He never failed to get the right pitch. All felt safe and happy when Gwordie took the lead. What a benediction to hear him pray! How he talked and wrestled with God! No formal speech; no hackneyed phrase! It was the simple story of a soul needing help, and coming to where help was sure to be had. His prayers were always short and to the point, often liberally interspersed with the quaint dialect of the valley, the homely speech of the common people.

The night is bright and beautiful, the fields are sprent with flowers, the air is laden with perfume borne down by the breeze from the blooming mountain heather, the feathered tribes are singing their evening song, and nature, in all her varied forms, seems like a vast temple of worship. Under the spell of such sacred influences let us wind our way to one of these prayer-meetings. The cottage nestles beneath the shadow of an old tree, spreading its huge branches over it like the wings of a guardian angel. In front is a beautiful garden, where fruits and flowers

abound, while over the porch of the cottage the honeysuckle climbs, scattering a delicious fragrance all around. As we enter, we find that the stone floor has been well washed, and the large front room is well supplied with benches and chairs for the accommodation of those who meet to praise and pray. When the hour arrives the room is well filled with neighbours and friends who have come to spend a profitable hour. Right up in t' neuk heed (a corner on one side of the fire place) stands the grand old man, with hymn book in hand, ready to begin the service. After a moment's pause, he reverently exclaims, "Let's begin t' worship o' God by singin' t' five hundred and thirty-first hymn,

"'Come, Saviour, Jesus, from above!
Assist me with thy heavenly grace;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.'"

The hymn is sung through in good hearty style to that grand old tune, "Duke Street," but when they come to the last stanza it is repeated, perhaps once or twice, until they all begin to feel what it really means:

"Nothing on earth do I desire,
But Thy pure love within my breast;
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest."

In a simple, but fervent prayer, the old veteran leads them at a throne of grace On bended knee, and with upturned face, he prays, "Our Father, we are varra hungry to-neet, an' Thoo hes lots o' good breed in tha cubbard. Thoo has said, 'Ax (ask) an' ye shall receive;' 'ax largely, that your joy may be full.' We ax in oor Saviour's name for a big blessin to-neet. A thin slice is nut eneaf, it won't satisfy oor hunger; give a good brick (loaf) to ivery yen of us. We thank Thee for the good appetite we hev for good things. Lots of oor neighbours hev no likin' for what we enjoy and desire so much. Keep oor souls longin' efter righteousness. Help us to delight oorsels in the way of Thy commandments mair than in all riches. May we niver forget hoo kind Thoo hes been to us until this blessed hour. O how good Thoo art! If Thoo doest provide for the sparrows that chirp an' hop fra branch to branch, we are sartin that neane of us shall iver famish. We thank Thee for Thy good Gospel. It has dried mony a tear, kindled mony a hope, and cheered mony a heart. We canna tell what it o' means yet, but we'll know better as we journey on. We seem to know far mair wi' oor hearts than we can understand wi' oor heeds. We bless Thee for the

feelin' which we hev ivery day that Thy love and mercy is so much greater than the wisest ov us can tell. We know Thy heart is varra full of pity. Thoo hes mair compassion on us than mother iver had on her darling bairn. O how much we need Thy compassion noo! Some of oor lives are badly broken up with sin. Some hev been stragglin' aboot on the byways of the world till their hearts are heavy an' sad. O may they hear the Saviour's voice, 'Come unto me and I will give you rest.' Bless a' oor bairns to-neet; give them grace to start oot reet in life. The adversary is seekin' to put baits an traps in their way. We canna help but fret at times as we think of the risks they run. Throw Thy protectin' arms aroond them, an' may we an' all Thoo hes given us meet in oor Father's hoose. Blessed God, we give oorsels afresh to Thee. When we need Thee most may we find Thee nearest. May oor last day be full of sunshine, an' a blessed hope which the waters of death canna drown. Hallelujah! Amen."

While the good man prayed the Angel of the Covenant was there, showering benedictions from his outstretched hands, and so, under the inspiring presence and direction of the old saint the meeting would run on for an hour, full of glow and fervour and fire kindled by the sanctifying presence of the Holy One; a Bethel indeed to the simple, honest-hearted men and women who had met to meet their father's God. Methodism, in rural districts especially, owes much to such social means of grace as the prayer-meeting we have paused for a moment to notice. They have kept the flame glowing brightly on the altar of many a heart. United prayer and cheering song have strengthened the faith, brightened the prospect and quickened the pace of, many a pilgrim to the "better country." It will be an evil day for the Church we love when Methodists become too wise and too worldly to spend a devotional hour in the upper room. More than ever we need to gather in little companies around the footstool of God, and plead for that grace without which we shall never be able to shine as lights in this world of darkness and sin, alluring lost men to Christ and heaven.

Gwordie Among the Shadows.

When death entered the valley and carried away father or mother, brother or sister, or husband or wife, or child, as the case might be, Aud Gwordie, who knew how to weep with those that wept, like a true son of consolation, brought words of comfort to many a heart dashed and thrashed on the rough beach of life, while the pitiless waves of sorrow rolled over them. In all their afflictions he was afflicted, and his strong, compassionate heart

poured forth many a word of help and cheer. In that beautiful valley it has always been the custom to conduct a simple religious service at the house of mourning before removing the deceased for interment in the village churchyard, where

"The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

The service, however, instead of being held *in* the house, was invariably held just *outside* the front door, ostensibly for the purpose of giving all the opportunity of joining in the solemn exercise. The coffin would be placed on two chairs, and then all would gather around while the religious exercises were being conducted. By general consent Aud Gwordie was expected to take the lead. Standing near the coffin, with head uncovered, and with solemn and tearful voice he would give out some appropriate hymn, such as

"Thee we adore, eternal Name!
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms we be!"

Starting the hymn to some well-known tune, suitable to the words and the occasion, all would join in singing. Even eyes that were blinded with tears, and hearts that were breaking with grief, would seek to drown their sobs in holy, hopeful song. When the last note was borne away by the passing breeze the venerable man of God would then lead in prayer, and while he prayed no one could doubt that heaven was near. With what tender sympathy he would plead for the desolate widow, the friendless orphan or the grief-stricken parents as the case might be! How his simple but mighty faith would take hold of such promises as had special reference to homes and hearts where the gloom and sorrow and the angel of death had come! As he pleaded with God all who stood by felt that the good man made the case his own; the sorrowing and the sympathizing felt the comforting and sustaining grace of God. As the disconsolate mourners came to the mercy-seat was there not a voice tenderly saying:

"Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal."

Gwordie at Church.

The Sabbath was a grand spiritual feast day to Gwordie. The ordinances of the sanctuary were to him a "feast of fat things," and of "wine on the lees well refined." The sacred day always found him in the holy place. Church-going, instead of being a

pious pastime, as there are melancholy reasons for believing it is to a large number to-day, was to him a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. In the bright little church, when health permitted, Gwordie was always there "for a blessing," and always got what he went for. He was "never sent empty away." From beginning to end his heart and soul were in the service. If he happened to be there a few minutes before time, as was generally the case, he, would "improve the time" by singing a hymn, while the people were gathering in, generally that grand hymn of Charles Wesley's:

> "How lovely are Thy tents, O Lord!
> Where'er Thou choosest to record
> Thy name, or place thy house of prayer;
> My soul outflies the angel-choir,
> And faints, o'erpowered with strong desire,
> To meet Thy special presence there."

His pew was in the gallery, immediately in front of the pulpit, and the service never proceeded far till both minister and people knew he was there. His "Amen's" were never uttered in an undertone. Many a timed preacher has been greatly helped by the hearty responses of the old man. If the sermon had any good points in it (it's an unpardonably poor thing that has not, though I believe such things are palmed off on a long suffering audience occasionally) they were sure to be emphasized by a vigorous "Bless the Lord," a ringing "Hallelujah," an old-time "Amen," and a great many other ejaculations which were by no means detrimental to the spirituality of the service, or an interruption to preacher or people. To the bashful young local preacher, who might be making his maiden effort, not knowing the moment when from sheer fright he might be left high and dry, thoughtless and speechless (as an Egyptian Sphinx), it was both helpful and inspiring, for he felt at least one good man was praying for him and endorsing his feeble and disjointed effort. Moreover, it had the tendency to keep up the attention. interest and sympathy of the congregation, doubtless prompting many others to "lend a hand" in prayer, while the raw recruit of the pulpit was struggling to keep his head above the waters. Possibly a few Aud Gwordie's scattered through our intensely respectable audiences to-day might prove a benediction all around. The spiritual temperature of some of our churches would be very greatly improved by a little more of Sammy Hicks' fervour and Billy Bray's devotion to God. I am no advocate for rant and noise, simply to make a noise; but if we have men among us who are "living epistles known and read of all men," I know of no reason

why they should be denied the privilege of unburdening their surcharged souls with a rapturous "Praise the Lord," or a genuine, old-fashioned, explosive "Amen," should they feel prompted in their hearts to do so. The dumb devil, who is going up and down in the earth tempting the people of God to sins of cowardly silence, received no quarter at the hands of Aud Gwordie. Whoever chose to forbear, he felt he must speak, and, being filled with the Holy Spirit, his word was with power. "All's well that ends well," so the old adage runs. The hero of this sketch was always anxious that the public service on Sunday evenings should have a pleasant and joyous ending. So, after the benediction was pronounced, and the people were beginning to move out, Gwordie would often begin to sing, in which he would be heartily assisted by dozens of others:

"O that each in the day of His coming may say,
'I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work Thou didst give me to do.'

"O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
'Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne.'"

The sacred fervour with which these solemn stanzas were sung would often produce deep and lasting impressions upon the minds many who, after listening to a faithful sermon, seemed to have the truth rivited upon their souls by the singing of a song which looks forward to the final result of every human life. The preacher, the sermon and the church might be forgotten, but the song would linger, voicing the intense desire even of the most wayward heart.

"O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
'Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne.'"

From what has been said, it will easily be understood how thoroughly this man of God would feel at home in a "real, old-time revival." How he did rejoice

"To see a prodigal return—an heir of glory born!"

Gwordie at the After-meeting.

In all departments of aggressive evangelism he was a power for good. His strong personality, his childlike faith, his large sympathetic heart, and his untiring zeal for the salvation of men are a sufficient explanation of his marvellous success in leading men to Christ. Quaintness, simplicity and directness always charac-

terized any remarks he might feel prompted to offer, whether in the way of exhortation or testimony. His utterances had a positive ring about them which were intensely refreshing to hear, pungent and practical all the time. Listen to him for a moment or two, as he gets up in the after-meeting, in response to a hint from the minister to say a few words: "Thank God fer what ah know. Mah religion is nut a wheezy, consumptive thing, mair deed than alive. Nor is it an uncanny, white boggle (ghost) of a guess. Ah *know* that ah am the Lord's, an' ah know that He is mine. Praise the Lord; that's something worth knowin'. Ah am glad to take mah stand by the side of that good man that oor poet sings aboot when he says:

"'The witness in himself he hath,
And consciously believes.'

When ah made up mah mind to seek religion, ah said, "Now, Gwordie, this is varra important business. Be sure thoo gits the genuine article. Pinchbeck religion is the worst kind of pinchbeck. If thoo canna git Jesus Christ religion, then wag the heed at a' the rest. Bless the Lord, ah's mair than pleased with what ah've got. It makes mah happy a' the day an' happy a' the neet. None o' your joyless, tasteless, saltless religion for me. Ah don't believe in flat experiences. Something is sadly oot o' joint with the men who tell us they hope to git to heaven, an' yet they keep trudging on with faces as lang as if they were gangin to Botany Bay.

"'Some people only see the world
As through a smoky glass;
They go half way to meet the woe,
And let the sunshine pass.'

Oor business in this world is to *shine* and not to whine. If good folks would only let their goodness go about its proper work like the rays of the sun on a warm July day, there wouldn't be so many to growl as there seems to be. A good Christian makes the best of life hisel, by helpin' others to do the same. Let us niver be afraid to speak for Christ. Why should we fear a cross on the back when we hev Christ in the heart? Good grain is always better for being well winnowed. When Paul and Silas suffered in prison they had prison songs to sing. Praise the Lord! Songs in the night! Songs at *midnight!* and the pris'ners heard them. T' old proverb says, 'Don't halloo till ye are oot o' t' woods.' Ah doan't believe a bit of it. Halloo all the way through; mak the woods ring. It keeps the voice in good tune for a grand Hallelujah! when we cum oot on t'other side. Let us niver sit

doon discouraged because a multitude is against us. The devil's herd of swine has always been larger than Christ's flock of sheep. There are ten birds of prey for yen (one) bird of paradise. We can gather up pebbles by the waggon load, but pearls are few and far between. Trees of righteousness are not varra thickly planted in the field of the world; but doan't forget what the good book says, Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom. Tho' the world be agin us, let's stand up for Jesus.

"'Who shun the cross
Do gain a loss;
Who stand beneath
Are saved from death;
The cross who bear
The crown shall wear;
Who on it dies
With Christ shall rise
Above the skies.'"

Gordie's Live Subscription.

Gwordie was thoroughly Wesleyan in his ideas of the world's evangelization. He was no Sydney Smith, pouring out his invective and satire on those heroic men who had taken their lives in their hands in order to "scatter seeds of life on barbarous shores;" pointing the finger of scorn at those brave souls who dared to attack the mighty ramparts of superstition in the name of the Lord, deriding them as "little detachments of maniacs," "consecrated cobblers," "delirious mechanics," "didactic artisans whose proper talk is of bullocks and not of the Gospel"—not very complimentary speech; but what of that; the missionary is all right, and the soul of William Carey still goes marching on! Gwordie took no stock in the *Reverend* Sydney, nor any of his "kidney," either. He meant what he said when he prayed, "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." The missionary meeting was always a red letter day in his religious life, especially if a live missionary were present to address the meeting. How his soul kindled with hope and overflowed with joy as he listened to the wonderful works of God on the great continent of Asia, and the islands of the sea. No man in the congregation joined so enthusiastically as he in singing, "From Greenland's icy mountains," and especially that glorious stanza which rings out like a bugle blast calling for the chivalry and heroism of the Church militant:

"Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,

Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of light deny?
Salvation! O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name."

Our hero never could boast of much of this world's goods, but when the subscription was taken up he always gave "a sheep," not a poor, lean "draft," but the comliest and best in his little flock. The Lord's "sheep" were duly delivered to the accredited representative of the Missionary Society, who generally sold it at an extra good price, which brought in a good round sum for the cause of Christian missions. For more than a quarter of a century he kept up this *living* subscription, so characteristic of the man—a sacrifice of thanksgiving with which God was well pleased.

Gwordie at Sunset.

As a "pilgrim" to the "celestial city" he always had his conversation in heaven;" his anchor was cast within the veil. He was no Mr. Feeble Will, Mr. Despondency, or Mr. Ready-to-Halt; he was a happy combination of Mr. Great Heart, Mr. Stand Fast and Mr. Valiant-for-the-Truth. He fought a good fight, he kept the faith, and when the hour of departure came he was ready. A gorgeous autumnal sunset is both a beautiful and suggestive scene. Often in the land of my fathers, when full of youthful enthusiasm, I have climbed to the topmost peak of some of those grand mountains in the north of England to catch the inspiration of the sunset hour.

Looking toward the west the distant mountain tops seemed all ablaze with crimson and flecked with amber, as they reflected the glories of the sun shining like a globe of burnished gold fresh from the hand of God. Standing there alone, drinking in the solemn grandeur of the scene, while the king of day calmly but majestically disappeared behind a flood of glory, only to pour forth fresh floods of light and heat on the other side of the globe:

"Just so is the Christian; his course he begins
Like the sun in a mist; when he mourns for his sins,
And melts into tears, then breaks out and shines,
And travels his heavenly way.
But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun, he grows richer in grace,
And gives a good hope at the end of his days
Of shining in brighter array."

It is a beautiful summer evening; the hay-makers are return-

ing from their toil. The sweet smell of the clover and the new made hay load the balmy breeze with wondrous sweetness. Do you see that cosy whitewashed cottage across the fields yonder, and along one side of it there ripples a bright little stream? Let us wend our way through the fields, so fragrant with the white clover and the new mown grass, and step into this bright little home we have pointed out, for there is going to be a beautiful sunset within its walls to-night. Lying upon a snowy couch, his head resting upon pillows of softest down, is one who is looking out for "a better country;" he is even now "quite on the verge of heaven." We have not to tarry long in the presence of the dying man to understand the lines,

> "Is that a deathbed where the Christian lies?
> Yes, but not his, 'tis Death himself that dies!"

"Can't thoo say, Hallelujah?" are the first words which fall from the old hero's lips. "Can't thoo say, Hallelujah? Praise the Lord? Ah can say it, an' ah'll sing it all the way across the river, an' when the shining ones cum to meet me on t'other side ah'll shout, Hallelujah to Jesus for iver!" There's no disputing the triumph of the hour; the victory is complete; Satan is vanquished; death has no bitterness in his cup. A light which does not belong to this world is playing across the features of the saint as he lingers for a little while on the border land. In spirit he stands on the mount of Transfiguration. He communes with a glorified Christ. He looks out from the topmost peak of Pisgah, and the goodly land is all aglow before his spiritual vision. The conflict is now behind him. The coronation hour is come. All is ready. Hush! the last words are falling from his lips: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be unto God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Hallelujah! Hall-el-u-jah! Hall-el—" The exclamation of praise was finished on the other side, for a band of shining ones came and built the dream of joy on which the spirit of Aud Gwordie rose to heaven.

> Our common Master did not pen
> His followers up with other men;
> His sermons were the healthful talk
> That shorter made the mountain-walk,
> His wayside texts were flowers and birds,
> Where mingled with His gracious words
> The rustle of the tamarisk-tree
> And ripple-wash of Galilee.
>
> —*Whittier.*

A WOMAN'S FIGHT WITH THE MONSTER.

BY JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

CHAPTER IX.—DIVIDED.

"The desert heavens have felt her sadness,
The earth will weep some dewy tears,
The wild beck ends her song of gladness,
And goeth stilly as soul that fears."

THE joyful month of May brought little joy to Jerome Earl. The poet tells us:

"In the spring a young man's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of love."

Jerome's thoughts had turned thus, but not lightly, for his love had had two seasons' growth. But being in love did not make him happy. Outside of his own cares for his mother and himself, he had now cares for Hannah,—living in such a settlement as Roc's Egg, burdened with anxiety for her father, and with only honest Mike for a protector. Jerome realized that if he married Hannah he must take also for better or worse her little family. Hillary, a dear girl, would be for better, but Henry Walden undoubtedly for worse.

Although even now, and still more at that time, the mining regions were looked to by Eastern youth, or even more mature men, as El Dorado, Cathay, Golconda, all the regions of sudden riches welded into one, it had been Jerome's experience that with all his energy, health, strength, honesty, and ability, he had been scarcely able to do more than support himself and his mother. What rashness then would it be, without improving prospects, to marry and begin life with a family of five, one of them particularly hard to manage and good at dissipating money. In addition to this, the company for which Jerome was book-keeper, superintendent, prospector, and general factotum, was burdened with debts. As Jerome had warned them, their outlay had been from the beginning unwarranted by their returns; the expenses were out of all proportion to the gold obtained, and Jerome expected every day to get word from San Francisco that the company had closed its business and repudiated its debts. To prevent such action pressing heavily on poor employés with families, Jerome kept the men paid up, and gradually his own salary fell into arrears.

Revolving all these troubles in his mind, Jerome one morning set forth to the mine, and going there descried far off a figure entering Touchstone—a figure like Henry Walden's. All the morning Jerome kept wondering what was Henry's errand: had aught happened to Hannah? were they in any trouble? He left

the mine earlier than usual, and went home; his mother had not seen Walden.

"If that is so," said Jerome, "he is here on no good errand. If he had honest reasons for coming he would stop and see us. He has run away to get drunk, and I must go find him."

"Jerome," said his mother, "I can't say too much for Hannah Walden, but I don't want you to get entangled with any such man as her father. He is one of those terribly weak men who are often more troublesome and dangerous than great villains. I have heard hard stories of him here and there. He is sacrificing his daughter without compunction. I don't believe she would be the girl to give him up, and if she held fast to him it would be the misery of any man who loved her. I know I could not make one of a family with such as Walden."

"I see it all," said Jerome sadly. "I've thought more than once that the best thing that could happen to her was for him to die. But ill weeds grow fast and last long."

After which he went from one to another of the saloons of Touchstone, to find Henry, and there he was in the worst and lowest, heated with gambling, having just lost a paper of gold dust brought with him, and now staking the coat on his back, which, losing, as Jerome entered, he pulled off, handing it to his opponent with a maudlin mumble about debts of honour, and offering to stake his shirt. Jerome was not a man to go about bullying and boasting, with a revolver carried in his belt as a settler of all troubles; but he had moral weight and a fair share of physical weight too, and a skill at defending himself that made him a power even in that lawless community. As he entered, two or three who were in loud dispute hushed their voices; one or two, entirely devoted to drinking, took up a dirty newspaper and so hid their rum and water. Others half drunk, and heavily slipping down on their benches, shook themselves up, and stared fiercely around as if they had come on important business. Jerome walked up to Walden.

"Come out of this, Mr. Walden."

"Away! Away!" cried Walden, his trembling hands clutching his cards and looking wistfully at his empty glass. "Stand treat, some of you, till my luck turns! Let me 'lone, Earl. I'm surely going to win now. Luck can't run one way forever. He's got a thousand dollars; I'll win it for Hannah. If I had that, just for a start, I'd make a fortune in no time. Ho! there, a glass of brandy to my better luck!"

Jerome, for answer, picked up Walden's coat and proceeded to indue him therewith, Walden being, in his powerful grip, helpless as a child.

"Anyone who claims that coat," said Jerome, "can call on me to settle for it."

"Let me go!" shrieked Walden; "brandy! I'm dried up for it! Brandy! and my life—my house—all I have, on another game. Let me go, Earl, and I'll stand your friend with Hannah."

Some of the men laughed, and Earl, with a flushed face, put one hand over Walden's mouth and carried him bodily out of the saloon.

"Hi! Whoopla! There's a blessed sight for a father-in-law of a nice young man," said one, and Jerome's heart was hot within him, and his grip on Walden tightened unconsciously, and he dragged him furiously down the street and into his mother's kitchen.

"Oh, Jerome! That drunken man," cried Mrs. Earl.

"He has to go home sober," said Jerome with set teeth. "Come, mother, make him a good joram of hot tea!" And so saying, he pulled off Walden's coat and thrust his head and shoulders into a tub of cold water. A few dips and some vigourous rubbing, aided in Walden's restoration. Jerome wiped him dry, put on his coat, and combed his hair, then treated him to hot tea and an hour's nap on a home-made lounge. As Walden slept, Jerome worked at certain accounts, but his restless movements and quick breathing told his perturbed state of mind.

"He is remarkably handsome," said Mrs. Earl, to turn conversation to the sleeper, "and very young-looking; his manners when he is quite sober are very fascinating. What a shameful sacrifice!"

"His youth and handsomeness will go all at once, like the blowing out of a candle. Some great danger, or sickness, or hard fight with himself even, will tear down that natty exterior that is all undermined with drinking, and he will be a shrivelled old wreck. To that selfish, soulless, vain, exacting, weak creature!" cried Jerome hotly, "is sacrificed the noblest girl in all the world!"

"I hope my son won't be sacrificed to him too," said Mrs. Earl.

"If I were rich," said Jerome, "I would, if Hannah would have me, be the proudest man in the world to take care of her. But I'd put *him* in a good strong inebriate or insane asylum. I'd give him the chance of dying sober. His time is up; I will take him home. His daughter will be distracted."

He shook Walden up with little courtesy, and as they could not both ride Araby there was nothing for the young man to do but walk to Roc's Egg; but Jerome would lead Araby, so that he could ride back and not distress his mother by long absence. While he was getting the horse, Walden, who had partially come to himself, was apologizing to Mrs. Earl.

"Madame! a thousand pardons! Have I slept in the presence of a lady? The heat has overcome me, and my long walk from home. I am not so vigourous as that remarkable young man, your son, concerning whom I congratulate you. I deeply regret, Madame, that my daughter -daughters, I should say, for Hillary's admirable conduct certainly deserves that position in my regard, —I regret that they are so far distant from the companionship and supervision of a lady like yourself. To-day I came here with some hope of looking for a house more agreeable than our present home, and placing my two dear girls near your desirable society."

"Your daughters certainly are noble girls," said Mrs. Earl stiffly, "and very unpleasantly placed at Roc's Egg. Allow me to say that you do a most reckless wrong in leaving them there unprotected, and coming so far away as this. It is cruel!"

"Unprotected! My dear lady, innocence, virtue is its own protection. My daughter, like Una, with her famous lion, could go up and down this entire country, I am sure, protected by the strength of her own character and pure mind. I say nothing of the angel guards, which I trust accompany the good, and I do *not* add that I left there a Hibernian named Mandy, short for Amanda, remarkable name for Irish, who is a dragon, ma'am, a complete fiery dragon!"

Here Jerome cut short his fluency, by marching him at a rapid pace toward home. They had only gone three miles when walking swiftly toward them they saw a lithe, elastic figure, draped in a shabby blue flannel gown, and well outlined against the opal sky of the afternoon. Behind this figure, at a respectful distance, strode a huge man in a striped, much-mended shirt, trousers tucked in his boots, and a torn, flapping, wide-rimmed felt hat, pushed well back from his forehead, and lying broadly on his back. Hannah, escorted by Mike, was out after her truant father. Hannah first gave a spring and cry of joy as her father walked toward her. Then her face flushed and fell as she looked at Jerome and divined the whole story. Henry took the situation easily.

"My daughter! So far away from home! This is quite wrong! But I see you have Mike for escort, and young folks love adventures. Mr. Earl is, I suppose, coming to take tea with you!"

"Troth," said Mike, "it's small adventures we were after, barrin' the looking for you, sor. Miss would have it some ill had come to yees. So, master, you and me will jog home in company. Clip fast of me arm, and I'll whirl yees along foinely."

"I can take father home now," said Hannah to Jerome, looking aside. "Oh, thank you, thank you."

"For what?" said Jerome. "My full pay is in getting even one look at you. Did you really mean to walk to Touchstone and back? Now I will put you on Araby, and take you home again."

"Oh, no," said Hannah, "I can go now; I don't mind. I can walk easily, now my heart is lighter."

"All the same, you will ride," said Jerome. "Araby is so gentle and even-paced, you won't fall even on this saddle. Now—not for need—I will keep the rein over my arm."

Evidently this arrangement of the rein was for the one joy of so being near Hannah; but as thus they went on, Hannah riding and Jerome walking, and Mike somewhat viciously pulling Henry Walden along in front, Jerome and Hannah had not a word to say; the nearest theme was too painful. Finally Jerome looked askance at Hannah, and saw the tears dropping over her cheeks, and so upon the hands folded in her lap. This annihilated his reserve, and he could no longer withhold his feelings. "Hannah,

don't, dear, don't cry. Let me comfort you. I love you with all my heart."

"No, no, don't say that," cried Hannah. "Oh, how unfortunate I am! I don't want anyone to love me. All I have to do is to take care of poor father. I cannot worry other people with him."

"But he is altogether too much for you alone," said Jerome; "let me help you."

"No, you must think for your mother. God has not laid this burden of poor father's care on you, but on me, and I must do my duty. Don't notice that I cried. Sometimes it all comes over me, and I am so foolish. Most times I am braver!"

"You are the best and bravest girl in the world," said Jerome.

But by the time the seven miles were passed over, Jerome had urged his cause so well that Hannah had agreed that they might be the "greatest friends in the world; only, on account of father, she could never think of marrying, and no one must ever ask her."

"But things may all be different some day," said Jerome.

"Then when that comes, we will arrange for that day."

"And you will let me help you in all your troubles, Hannah; and send for me if you need help, and I may come over twice a week. It is no distance at all on Araby."

"Only once a week," Hannah maintained; "you must not leave your mother so much alone, and in such a place as this I don't want too many remarks made—only once a week."

"Dear son," said his mother, when he had told her, "I fear this will be a long, hopeless engagement."

"Hannah is worth all, yes, ten times all," said Jerome.

"Surely I could not ask a better daughter," said his mother.

Less than a month after, the Central Ledge Company broke up, and Jerome was left with nothing to do; the Company was in debt to him three hundred dollars, and all his property was the few articles in the house, and seven hundred and odd dollars that he and his mother had managed to save.

With the failure of the Central Ledge Company, and the growing conviction that but little gold existed in the vicinity, business almost ceased at Touchstone. Miners moved away; traders and grog-sellers vanished with the receding population. It was evident that no opening could there be found for Jerome, and with his departure to look for employment a long separation would darken between him and Hannah. Jerome was loath to go over to Roc's Egg with such disastrous news. The little four-room house in which the Earl's lived had been built for Jerome by the Company; he might use it so long as he chose; there was no demand for houses in Touchstone. Araby, his fine horse, was the last item in his property. How often, as Jerome closed up the affairs of which he was in charge, did he tell the tale of his own fortunes. Seven hundred dollars, a house, a horse; and Jerome was twenty-six. So he had not got on very well in the world.

He was going over this short list one day in his mind, when a

many-postmarked letter was brought to him. It needed his mother's wit to explain it; it was signed *Jerome Earl.* The letter had started from a town in China, written there by Jerome's great-uncle, for whom his father and himself had been named. The uncle was aged, and dying of lingering disease—alone, far from friends. He wanted Jerome, his namesake, and last left relation, to come and be with him to the last. "And I will make it worth your while, my boy. I have laid up a bit, and it shall be yours. Come quickly. Don't let me die as I have lived, alone, among these powwowing heathen!"

"I think you must go, son, even if he had said nothing of the money. The old man is your only uncle, and he was very good to your father—educated him, and set him up in business. But he took offence because he lost money. Uncle thought your father was too scrupulously honest to save himself."

"Too much honesty is a rare good fault," said Jerome. "But I must go at once, if I am going, and leave you alone, mother. You can't go on such a trip. There's a waggon-train to pass down to-morrow noon, I hear. I can take that. Mother, I will leave you five hundred dollars to keep you till I come back. You are safe in the house, and Hannah will come if you need her. Two hundred will cover my expenses; and, mother, I'll leave the horse with Hannah. She can ride him, and Mike will tend him. Araby would only trouble you, dear."

Ah, it was hard going that afternoon to Hannah to say good-bye for such a distance and for an indefinite period. Jerome put his mother in Hannah's charge, and gave her the horse. This was June. Jerome hoped to be back before winter. "At all events, Hannah, wait for me here. They all know you here, and you are safe; but it is not safe for your father to be dragging you about the country as he does."

"He can't do it any more," said Hannah; "we haven't any money."

"But you will wait for me here, Hannah; here I shall come to look for you, and having Araby, you will ride over and see my mother; and—I leave her in your care, if she is sick."

"You may be sure I shall love her and wait on her as if she were my own mother," said Hannah. "I wish she were here, only her house is nicer and more comfortable than ours."

"She has one or two good neighbours," said Jerome; "she had better be there, I think."

"Father might make her uneasy here; but if you are not back by winter, I will send Hillary over to live with her."

Well, Jerome must go; and Hannah went a mile or two on the homeward way with him, and they parted with tears and with promises, as young people do.

The world looked a great deal blacker to Hannah after that parting. So it looked to Mrs. Earl, when the waggon-train had next day carried her boy out of sight. The mother had not the elasticity of youth, to help her over her troubles—and Jerome was her all.

A fortnight later, Hannah went over to Touchstone for supplies, and spent two or three days with Mrs. Earl; Mike promising great things about keeping Henry from Doon's, and "Doon's Boy" being pledged to put him out of the saloon if he ventured in. About this time Walden was behaving uncommonly well, and Hannah had renewed hope. Possibly it was the low ebb of his fortunes that had a good effect on Walden, for indeed they were desperately poor; they hardly could buy enough to eat, and the clothing was giving out; the girls had not a good suit between them.

Time went on thus, till September, and no word of Jerome—but next month he might return, so heart was kept up.

One morning a boy from Touchstone arrived at the cabin, and informed Hannah that Mrs. Earl was very sick, and she was wanted immediately. This meant to leave her father for an indefinite time.

"We will all watch him," said Hillary; "of course you must go. I can't get there; lame folks can't ride horses, and you are twice as good a nurse as I am."

"I promised Jerome I'd go to her if she was sick," said Hannah.

"Her be orful bad," said the messenger. "She say she gwine to die, and for you to come right along."

So Mandy and Hillary hurried Hannah's departure.

With that same anxious care that mothers feel in leaving a sickly or wayward child, Hannah looked to leaving her father. She saddled Araby, and bidding Hillary and Mandy "good-bye," rode to the gulch—where all the men of the place were busy in their search for gold. Already disappointment had driven the iron to their souls. The "pockets" had one by one been exhausted; every man who supposed he had found "Dick's Roc's Egg," was at once assured that he was mistaken, and others had toiled days without getting an ounce of the precious dust for their pains. As Hannah rode up she saw many of the men sitting idly, with pick or shovel leaning against their knees. Some in evident homesickness, looked with longing eyes toward the far east; others were gathered together eagerly gesticulating and pointing, north, south, west, discussing plans for new migrations, and fancying that just before them lay some true El Dorado. If Hannah could have seen above them all, any great angel writing in his book the outcome of all this, and telling where and how she should see them gathered next, she might have been as startled and amazed at the substance of the record as at the angelic writer. As it was, she too set her face to the east, and—reserving her acquaintance with Jerome Earl—wished that she had never strayed so far, and thought how vastly better off these men would all have been if in the steady industries of life they had been content to earn their bread, and not follow the *ignis fatuus* of sudden fortune. Her father was among the busiest workers; he had found a pocket that promised, and, looking far more manly since he had been browned and strengthened by

out-of-door toil, he was now digging away, with Mike at his back, busy with the washingpan, and at every spadeful of earth and quartz thrown in, Mike whooped with joy at the residue of gold.

When Henry Walden saw his daughter, he hastened toward her, lifting his wide-brimmed felt hat with all his natural courtesy: "My dear daughter! you are enjoying the fine day. How well you look on horseback, even though my misfortunes have prevented my providing you with an appropriate saddle or habit! But you look like a queen even in this old flannel frock! Cheer up, my dear girl. I have now most admirable prospects. I am on the eve of fortune. I can—to-morrow, perhaps—give you all that my pride in you desires."

"Never mind that, father," said Hannah; "don't hurry. You know the text, 'He that hasteth to be rich falleth into a snare, and many foolish and hurtful lusts.' I am sent for, to go to Mrs. Earl, father; she is very ill, and alone. I must go to her."

"Yes, yes; by all means. It is your Christian duty. I could not begrudge her my Hannah's attentions, and almost your mother-in-law, as one may say. Go, and stay as long as you like."

"But, father," said Hannah, bending lower over the pommel of her saddle, "won't you stay with Hillary all the time you are not working, and don't go near Doon's, and be *sure*, father, not to touch a drop of liquor, or a card; promise, father."

"Certainly, certainly; what nonsense to worry over it. I am all right; my fortune as a gentleman, lies here at my feet. I shall live up to it. Have no fears, my over-anxious daughter."

But Hannah had plenty of fears. She could not leave her lover's mother—her sacred trust—ill, untended, alone. Hillary could not get there in her place, being crippled. She dare not take her father to Touchstone, for there was a grog-shop for every two houses. Leave him she must. Her uneasy eyes, sweeping the scene, beheld Dyke, hovering like a bird of ill-omen over her father's newly opened "pocket." "Father," she said, "beware of Dyke; he is the greatest scamp out here. He envies your find. He is after it. Do be careful."

"My foolish child! Why worry over me? I assure you I can take excellent care of myself. Go, my child, without fear. You will return to find me rich, ready to take you back to civilization!" He kissed his hand with his pretty gallantry, and yet with that flippancy of his surface nature—a father's hand, that had never either blessed nor guided nor guarded, was waved with a young man's easy politeness, and he turned back to his work.

Hannah reined up once more by Mike. She whispered in the sturdy fellow's ear: "I am going over to Touchstone—Mrs. Earl is ill. Will my father be safe? Watch him, Mike. Has Doon any liquor?"

"Niver a drop; he's dry as an ould sandbank."

"But if any comes, Mike; I may be gone several days."

"Niver worrit; it won't come; bad 'cess to it. Nothin' comes to this blessid counthry but poverty, an' he comes loike a jintleman, in a coach an' six, drivin' two forty!"

"And look out for that Dyke. He has his schemes for my father. I see it in his face."

And so on her white charger, Hannah rode away; her erect figure in the old blue flannel gown, lessening across the plain and against the sky. Some looking after her had thoughts of home. Mike, as usual, blessed her in his heart; and Henry Walden, with a vague dream of taking her to New York, making her a society queen and marrying her to some stray European with a title, picked away at his "pocket," and planned a fine house and fine stables, fine dinners and fine company for himself as soon as he had picked up the fortune that he believed to be hidden at his feet.

And as Hannah rode away in the clear sunlight of that dry atmosphere, a young paladin going forth to her duty,—slowly up from the south-east was creeping a great waggon drawn by four mules—a waggon casting black shadows on the plain, and over Hannah's heart and life—a great consignment of beer and brandy, rum, and gin, and whiskey, bound for Doon's and then for Touchstone.

Hannah did not see the waggon, nor feel the shadow lying coldly over the summer day. She rode on to Mrs. Earl's, and found the widow, indeed, very ill, and needing all her care. Araby being fed and stabled, and Hannah having washed off the dust of the travel, and taken her lunch, she set herself to order the sick-room, and be nurse and doctor to the old lady, comforting body and mind, and at last rewarded by seeing her sink into placid sleep. Then, having heartily prayed for all her dear ones, Hannah turned the lamp low, and flinging herself at the foot of Mrs. Earl's bed, fell into placid slumber.

SECURE.

The winds blow hard. What then?
He holds them in the hollow of His hand;
The furious blasts will sink when His command
Bids them be calm again.

The night is dark. What then?
To Him the darkness is as bright as day;
At His command the shades will flee away,
And all be light again.

The wave is deep. What then?
For Israel's host the waters upright stood;
And He whose power controlled that raging flood
Still succours helpless men.

He knoweth all; the end
Is clear at the beginning to His eye;
Then walk in peace, secure though storms roll by;
He knoweth all, O friend!

A MORE HOPEFUL VIEW OF THE LABOUR PROBLEM.

BY J. C. ARBUCKLE.

Among the wage-workers of the country there is manifestly a spirit of great interest in the matter of their remuneration. Largely they are made to believe that they are robbed, despised, and their rights trampled upon; that the rich are against them, and that the aim of capitalists is to reduce them to a state of dependence. The ideas of the average labouring man respecting anyone having come by considerable possessions seem to be that thereupon he becomes a changed man, a veritable monster, with a heart as the heart of a beast, having no longer any regard for his less fortunate brother. Of the many wrongs done to the labouring man the most cruel is that of endeavouring to make him believe that his tasks are steadily becoming harder, his friends fewer, and his lot in life less desirable. It is that of having his sky painted for him in the most dreadful pessimistic colours, with not so much as one star left to twinkle amid the groaning darkness. Labouring men are being confidently told that the poor (meaning themselves) are becoming poorer and the rich richer, that every man's hand is against them, and that to them, from every quarter, comes more oppression.

Now, I am persuaded that if ever the labouring man needed a friend it is at the present time, and that if ever a voice of warning was needed in his behalf it is now. The effort is being made to deceive and mislead labouring men as to the real facts in the case. This is being done from at least two sources. First, by an unreliable and dangerous element within the ranks of labour itself by men who cannot endure to see others prosper; who regard all employers as robbers, and some of whom, were it not for the law, might not scruple to be robbers themselves. Secondly, by a sleek, well-fed, gushing class of gentlemen who are glad to have something going on; and so, to keep up interest and help to make things lively, write books, publish papers, magazines, etc., to have the labourer see how dreadfully he is being treated and how greatly his interests are in jeopardy.

These are they who pose as the friends of the labouring man. We can scarcely think that they mean it seriously, but it is from these specially that the labouring man needs to be saved. What are the facts then? They are these: Never in the history of the world from Adam till now was labour ever so well paid and so prosperous as at the present time. Never was labour in possession of so many and so comfortable homes; never so secure in the rights of Church, citizenship, and social life; never so respected, intelligent, and enterprising as now. Instead of the labourer being cast out, ostracized, and looked down upon, he is more and more being honoured and welcomed. Place and position are having less to do with men; worth and character, more. It is not true that the Church is a rich man's corporation, and that ministers of the Gospel are the sycophants of the wealthy. The facts are, never since the days of Christ has the Church been so interested and so active in behalf of the great masses of mankind as at the present time. Never has the Church presented a tenderer and more loving Gospel than she is presenting now, and never were

her ministers more honourable and brave. Among the rich never before has there been such benevolence, such generosity, such willingness to help all and everywhere. Among the wealthy are many who are contemptuous, hateful, and ignoble; but on the other hand there are many who are generous, Christ-like, noble. Respecting men as such, this is the gospel of the age; neither rags nor riches commend or condemn them, but character only or the want of it.

In this country, when we speak of the labouring class, we practically have among them no poor. Very largely our labourers are good livers and well-to-do. There are poor—some because of vice, others because of misfortune or bad management, but few because of others' prosperity.

Never were the humanities of man more active than now, and, all in all, never were opportunities for rising better or more abundant. If men will do good and be diligent they can hardly fail to see good and be rewarded.

Methodist Review.

Current Topics and Events.

"Go Work To-day in My Vineyard."

What are we set on earth for? Say, to toil;
Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines,
For all the heat o' the day, till it declines,
And death's mild curfew shall from work assoil.
God did anoint thee with His odorous oil,
To wrestle, not to reign.

—*Mrs. Browning.*

The sublime spirit of altruism is being recognized more and more as a Christian obligation. The disciples of Jesus are learning that none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. We are so mutually related to one another, we are so interdependent, one upon another, that for evil or for good we profoundly affect one another. We may not wrap ourselves in the garb of selfishness and in the spirit of Cain, the first murderer, say "Am I my brother's keeper?" Christian men are feeling as never before that they are their brothers' keepers, that if for any fault of theirs, or through any neglect of theirs, their brother, their fellow-man whoever he may be, go down to darkness and to death, God will not hold them guiltless concerning their brother. No longer may any man seek to satisfy his conscience with saving his own soul alive.

The Church is hearing the call of the Master "go, work to-day in My vineyard." As we lift up our eyes, lo, fields white unto the harvest wave wide on every side. Scarce any land beneath the sun is closed against the Gospel message, and in all our large cities the unchurched masses at our very door invite our aid. The Church of Christ as never before, is rising to the height of its privilege and obligation and is thrusting in the sickle, for the harvest is fully ripe. Hence the passionate charity with which lay helpers are going into the highways and byways and with a loving constraint are bringing in the outcast and wanderers to the Gospel feast.

A few months ago a convention of Christian workers assembled in Buffalo, to discuss means and methods of Christian work among the lowly. More recently still, a similar convention was held for the same purpose in Toronto, and the testimony of those who were present is

that never did they witness such consecrated enthusiasm as at those meetings. When Christians have once tasted the joy of thus walking in the footsteps of the Master, and going about doing good, they will need no exhortation to it as a duty, it will become a supreme delight. A young lady who is engaged in mission work, said to the present writer: "If anyone had told me a year ago that I should become so much interested in these poor people, I should have declared it to be impossible."

No wonder the Church was torpid and dying, when its members were satisfied to sit in snug selfishness in their cushioned pews and give no thought to the multitudes untaught, unfed, uncared for at their very doors. The Church for the times is the Church that will earnestly endeavour to fulfil the Saviour's last command, to "go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." If there be those who read these words who have as yet been deaf to this command, let them now awake out of sleep. Let them listen to the words of tender reproach "why stand ye here all the day idle?" They surely cannot say "because no man hath hired us." "God doth anoint us with his odorous oil to wrestle, not to reign,"—to wrestle here that we may reign hereafter. The command is, go work *to-day* in My vineyard, and if it be, alas, the eleventh hour of the day, all the more urgent is the need that we redeem the time, for the night cometh when no man can work. "God gives men the chance to labour" says Whedon, "not because He needs their work, but because they need his reward." And oh what a reward! To rejoice before the Lord with the joy of the harvest. No joy on earth is so pure and blessed, so Christ-like as lifting up the fallen, as rescuing the perishing, as saving the lost. And then, in the ampler ether, the diviner air of the life that is to come, what joy to welcome those rescued ones who shall be stars in your crown of rejoicing forever.

"Then work brothers, work, let us slumber no longer.
For God's call to labour grows stronger and stronger;
The light of this life shall be darkened full soon
But the light of the better life resteth at noon."

Congregational Singing and How to Promote It.

The service of song is a very important part of religious worship. The glory of Methodism from the beginning has been its congregational singing. On the wings of Wesley's hymns its blessed doctrines of grace have flown through the land and have found resting-places in millions of hearts. With the growth of musical culture and the organization of effective choirs there is danger that our religious service, while it may become more artistic, may lack the glad, spontaneous breadth of our old-time congregational singing. How may this be revived and extended? One method would be as follows: Almost every church-choir has its weekly practice on Friday or Saturday evening, when under the guidance of skilled organists and leaders, the hymns and anthems for the following Sunday are practiced. Why not invite the music-loving members of the congregation, who for domestic and other reasons cannot join the choir, to be present as often as possible to share the benefit of those musical instructions, and to join in the musical practice? We can think of few more enjoyable ways of spending an evening than in such a service of song. The general level of musical culture would be greatly raised in our congregations and much greater and wider interest would be cultivated in this important part of religious work. One cannot but be struck in reading the Scriptures, and especially in reading the Psalms of David, with the frequent exhortation to sing unto the Lord, to make His praise glorious. "Let the people praise Thee, O God; let *all* the people praise Thee."

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Wesleyan Methodist.

Greater interest is now taken in national affairs. Thirty years ago there was not a single Methodist in parliament, now there are at least ten. Among the candidates for parliamentary honours at the coming election, at least nineteen Methodists have been selected, seven of whom are local preachers.

Nearly 2,000 ministers have signed a memorial to the present English government praying for the suppression of the opium traffic in India.

Rev. Dr. Stevenson, President of Conference, states "that applications for the services of the Sisters pour in faster than ever, and if we had twenty trained deaconesses we could place them all in excellent spheres of labour within a month." Homes have been established in London and some provincial towns.

The sixteenth annual report of the Rev. Chas. Garrett's Mission in Liverpool, reveals a sad state of morals in that city, but, it also abounds with interesting facts illustrative of the good that has been effected. The report says: "You can find any kind of a man in Liverpool except an Englishman. Liverpool is a stronghold of popery, which permeates every part of the city." Homes for poor lads have been established, and of those rescued painful accounts of their antecedents have been published. The boys rescued have mostly done well.

A conference of working-men was held at Middlesborough, (in the heart of the North of England iron district) the men all declared that Sunday labour at the steel works and blast furnaces could be dispensed with.

Adult Bible-classes, which have become numerous, are of great benefit to the Church for the following reasons: 1. They reach a stratum of people not reached by any other agency. 2. They foster and encourage a love for a study of the Bible. 3. They promote the spread of good literature. Many homes are now furnished with books, which never had any before. 4. They provide capital openings for work for our young people.

Mr. R. G. Moulton who has accepted a position in the new university at Chicago, is brother to Dr. Moulton, ex-President of the Wesleyan Conference, who is pronounced to be the most accomplished scholar in English Methodism.

Professor Agar Beet's "Foundation of the Christian Faith," will shortly be published in Welsh.

Rev. Peter MacKenzie, though a superannuate, is so popular as a preacher and lecturer that he sometimes has 700 engagements ahead.

Rev. Allen Rees, Superintendent of Wesley's Chapel, City Road, London, has offered the President of the Free Church Assembly the use of that historic building for their next gathering in June. The President, in accepting, declared "that such an offer is a noble and magnanimous expression of Christian kindness and generosity."

Methodist Episcopal Church.

During the last year the women have raised for foreign missions the sum of $263,660.69, an advance of $43,330.74 over the contributions of the year before.

The Calvary Church, under the pastorate of the Rev. Dr. Day, has been favoured with an extensive revival. More than 200 persons have been received on probation as the result of a few weeks' special services.

Ohio Wesleyan University has been favoured with a remarkable revival. The day of prayer for colleges was one of unusual interest. The students numbered 900, of whom 242 were reported as non-church members. Of these 200 have professed conversion. The work has also spread among the citizens, over 200 of whom were at the altar one evening, and several hundreds have commenced a Christian life. The college never was visited before with such a revival.

There has been a blessed work of grace among the Japanese in San Francisco. In one month more than 100 were received on probation. At least 200 are awaiting baptism.

The Theological School at Bareilly, India, is doing a good work. The students are given a three years' course. Twenty-one have graduated. Beside these there have been the wives of the students, pursuing a course of study to fit them for work with their husbands.

Bishop Hurst wants the members of the Epworth Leagues to contribute one dollar each for the University at Washington, and thus hopes to raise half a million of dollars. He also wants 10,000 ministers to contribute $100 each for the same object,

Methodist New Connexion.

The following interesting incident is one of the many kind acts of Mr. John Whitworth. Forty years ago a poor young man had come to Dr. Cooke for instruction preparatory for the ministry. The young man neither had money nor books. Mr. Whitworth immediately handed Dr. Cooke £20 on his behalf. The young man thus befriended is now known as General Booth of the Salvation Army.

Mr. Thomas Heaps, of Leeds, was a *Guardian* representative of the Connexion, a trustee of Ronmoor College, and class-leader and trustee of Woodhouse-lane Chapel, Leeds. He was a man greatly esteemed for sturdy common-sense, both in business and in Connexional affairs, though never ostentatious or seeking personal prominence. His recent death is a great loss to the denomination.

Primitive Methodist.

Rev. J. T. Parr, of Nottingham, has recently shown more than ordinary aptitude for special evangelistic work. Some would like to see him fully set apart to labour as an evangelist.

Manchester-road Chapel, Bradford, is to be pulled down, and a large Central Hall built, with shops underneath. The hall will become a great centre for a "Forward Movement." The cost of these extensive alterations will amount to several thousands of pounds.

The mission at Aliwal, South Africa, carries on a large amount of educational work. A training-school has been established, from which it is hoped that intelligent natives will go forth to labour as missionaries.

Bible Christian.

All communications from China are perused with increased interest. The missionaries report that at one place the people voluntarily took down the idols from their places in the house and gave them up to be burned. As an illustration of the cruelties often practised by parents, a missionary states that he had recently found a babe in an obscure place, which had been cast away as debris.

A three weeks' mission was held at Albaston, and resulted in the conversion of thirty-three persons. At Pilborder also there had been times of refreshing, though every means had been used to hinder success.

A bazaar held at St. Marys, Scilly Islands, netted $341. On those islands the Bible Christians have three ministers, who report that the morality of the people is remarkably high. On the off islands there are no public-houses and no poverty. At St. Martin's all the natives are total abstainers, and their workhouse is used as a place of worship by the Bible Christians, their chapel being on another part of the island.

The Methodist Church.

The Chinese Mission in British Columbia, is prospering in a most

encouraging manner. A great persecutor has been converted. Some new converts started a laundry, and would not allow work to be done on Sunday. They not only refuse to sell or buy anything that will injure their fellows, but they have resolved to devote one-tenth of their profits to religious objects. There needs to be some alteration in the civil laws respecting the importation of Chinese girls for immoral purposes.

A neat Chinese church, with a house for the missionary, reading room, etc., has just been dedicated in New Westminster. It is hoped that a Chinese Mission will soon be started at Nanaimo, where a considerable number of Chinese work in the coal-mines. The Woman's Missionary Society, and the General Missionary Society, have united to provide a larger and better building for the Indian Institute at Chilliwhack, where about seventy-five acres of land have been secured.

An Institute under the Woman's Missionary Society has also been built at Port Simpson, where some fifty Indian girls will soon be in training.

A government institute for Indians, is in course of erection at Red Deer, Alberta, and tenders have been asked for another larger one at Brandon.

The mortality among ministers and their families this year has been unusually great. There has also been much sickness. In view of these facts the Contingent Fund Committee will need a large amount of money for sickness and death.

Openings for new missions are springing up in Japan. In one district, visited for the first time two years ago, there are now ten men, Japanese and foreigners, at work, while the Woman's Missionary Society have one lady in the field and two others under appointment. There are regions peopled by hundreds of thousands who are appealing for help.

Items.

The Gospel in All Lands says: "The Moravian Church in Paramaribo, Surinam, has 3,475 communicants. The service is held in a very large church-building, and is conducted in Negro-English, the mother-tongue of the great majority of the members.

A gentleman in India says that the increase of the population in that country during the last decade was 10.7 per cent., of the Hindoo population 10.49, and of the Mussulman population 14.44. The increase in the Christian population has been 22.6 per cent., more than twice as great as the general increase.

Dr. Mackay writes from Formosa, that there has been an extraordinary turning from idols at Kalevan. Nearly 500 idolators cleaned their houses of idols in his presence, and they also gave the missionary a temple built for idols, as a place of worship.

The Samoan group of islands has a Christian population of 30,000. In the largest of the islands there are not fifty families who fail to observe family worship. Last year, besides supporting the Gospel at home, they sent a thank-offering, as their custom is, of $9,000 to the parent Missionary Society in London.

In former times in Japan, there was scarcely one of the 72,000 temples, that had not some rich patron. But times have changed. Now the annual grants to all the shrines in the empire do not amount to $150.

The following item reveals a strange state of things: "The bill introduced to the House of Lords by the Archbishop of Canterbury, enabling English Church courts to dismiss from their livings clergymen who are convicted of drunkenness, felony, and other immoralities, has passed the second reading."

A wonderful mission has been held at Leeds, England, in which five Bishops and eighty special preachers took part. Two of the Bishops made daily visits to the great workshops and manufactories of the town.

The Death Roll.

Rev. John Cairns, D.D. LL.D., was Principal of the United Presbyterian Theological Hall, Edinburgh. He was a profound theologian, a popular preacher and writer. He

had the honour of once preaching before the Queen, and the sermon was afterwards published, and had an immense circulation. He survived beyond the age of three-score and ten, and died early in 1892.

Dr. Donald Fraser, of Marylebone Presbyterian Church, London, has been called to his reward. He was a student in Knox College, Toronto. His first pastorate was in Montreal, where he remained eight years. Then for eleven years he ministered in his native city, Inverness, Scotland, whence he removed to London. He was only ill ten days when the Master called him home.

James Calvert. Few readers of the Missionary enterprise are ignorant of Fiji, where for generations cannibalism abounded. This devoted man went thither in 1838, and for eighteen years laboured among the most wicked people, we should suppose, who ever lived. He next spent five years in England, and saw the Bible printed in the language of Fiji. In 1861 he again went forth, and spent five years more among the heathen. Once more he returned to England, but soon went to Africa, and laboured indefatigably for eight years, after which he returned to his native land. He was permitted to live to the age of fourscore, and then died in the triumphs of faith.

H. E. Stoney. This young brother was a probationer in Niagara Conference, and a student in Victoria University. He was expected to be ordained at the approaching Conference, but, on March 19th, he took a sail in a skiff from Cobourg harbour, and was overtaken by a storm which upset the skiff, and Bro. Stoney sunk.

Rev. J. Aspinall, of the Primitive Methodist Church, England, died at Oldham, at the age of seventy-four. He was an itinerant forty-six years, the last ten of which he was superannuated.

Jabez R. Jacques, D.D., Ph.D., LL.D., Vice-President of Hedding College, at Abingdon, Ill., has been called to join the great majority. In 1875 he was appointed successor of the Rev. Dr. Carman, to the Presidency of Albert College, Belleville, when that gentleman was elected Bishop of the late Methodist Episcopal Church. He remained in that important position until 1883, when he returned to the United States. All who knew Principal Jacques pronounced him to be a true Christian, an able scholar, and an excellent preacher.

Dr. Cook died at his home in Quebec, March 31st, at the age of eighty-seven. The deceased, though a native of Scotland, was a resident in Canada since 1836. For more than fifty years he was pastor of the Presbyterian Church in the ancient city in which he died. For many years he was ex-Chancellor of Queen's University, Kingston, and was principal of Morrin College.

W. J. Little, of London Conference died March 10th. He commenced his probation for the ministry in 1879, so that his career as a minister was short. He was a young man of great promise. A widow and two children, and many friends, mourn his early demise.

S. G. Phillips of Montreal Conference entered the ministry in 1853, and for the most part the whole of his ministerial life was confined to the Province of Quebec. He was a man of great amiability, and laboured earnestly, both in the pulpit and through the press, to bring sinners to a knowledge of the truth. Early in March he was called to his heavenly home.

James Gaddis, was a native of Ireland, where he was converted, and became a class-leader and local preacher. After residing some time in Canada, he was called to enter the ministry of the Methodist New Connexion. For thirteen years he laboured with great zeal, and then became supernumerary, in which relation he remained until his removal to the better world. He died at Kincardine in January of the present year.

Book Notices.

Classic German Course in English. By William Cleaver Wilkinson. New York: Chautauqua Press. Pp. 327. Price $1.00.

We have had occasion to commend very highly the previous volumes by this accomplished author, on the Greek, Latin, and French courses in English. His method is to give biographical sketches with criticism of the principal works, and illustrative extracts in English of the great writers of these languages. The current volume will be found of very great interest.

The author gives a vivid characterization and criticism of the literary works of Luther, Klopstock, Lessing, Wieland, Herder, Richter, Goethe, Schiller, Heine, and many others. He does not hesitate strongly to criticise the faults of even illustrious writers. Commending the piety, the moral bravery and the stalwart manliness of the great Luther, he yet says: "His truculence, coarseness and grossness in his championship against Rome (the 'divine brutality of brother Martin,' as Heine called it,) were astounding, were staggering, were incredible, but they belonged to the day as well as to the man. Especially in his controversy with Henry VIII., king of England, did the peasant monk use great plainness of speech for his malice and lies, not against the Saxon prince's son, but against the Majesty of heaven.

"'My ashes alone' he writes in expectation of a cruel martyrdom, 'having been after my death cast into a thousand seas, will persecute and harass this abominable crowd. As long as I live I become the enemy of the papacy; burned, I will be always its enemy.'" This was no empty gasconade. Before the assembled dignities of Europe he took his stand, willing to die for the truth he maintained. "Yet the stormy soul of the battle-welcoming reformer was sensitive and tractable to music. The lion listened, and listening, became a lamb." His loving letter to his little son Johnny, his grief for his dying Margarita, and his playful humour towards his "dear housewife, Katherine Lutherin, doctress and self-martyress, his gracious lady Katha," go far to condole much of his turbulence and truculence in controversy.

His wrestling prayer at the Diet of Worms, like the patriarch wrestling with the Almighty, strangely moves our souls. "Oh, Thou, my God, stand by me against the reason and Wisdom of the world. Thou must do it! Thou alone! It is not my cause, but thine; it is just and eternal; stand Thou by me, Thou true, eternal God. Hearest Thou not, my God? Art Thou dead! No, Thou canst not die, Thou only hidest Thyself. Then stand by me in the name of Jesus Christ, to be my Shelter and my Buckler, yea, my Firm Tower. Lo! where stayest Thou? Thou, my God, where art Thou? Come, come, I am ready even to lay down my life for this cause, so will I not separate myself from Thee forever. The world shall not be able to force me against my conscience, though it were full of devils, though my body be shattered in pieces, my soul is Thine and belongeth to Thee, and shall remain with Thee forever. Amen, God help me. Amen."

The great achievement of Luther, however, was his translation of the Scripture into the German tongue, which fixed the form of that language, and which makes Luther's Bible more to the Teuton than that of king James is to the English-speaking people.

Of Lessing, our author says he probably at this moment exercises a literary influence, extensive and intensive, not second to any other in the world since Aristotle. He quotes

from his "Nathan the Wise" the beautiful allegory of the king who had a precious ring, the possession of which insured peace and happiness and universal love. He had three sons, and, unwilling to disinherit any of them, he had two other rings made exactly like the true one. After the father's death the sons came before the judge to decide which had the genuine ring; the judge replied: which of you brothers loves the best? He it is who has the true ring." "So," says Lessing, "instead of wrangling about forms of faith, we should exhibit the fruit of religion, even Christ in the soul."

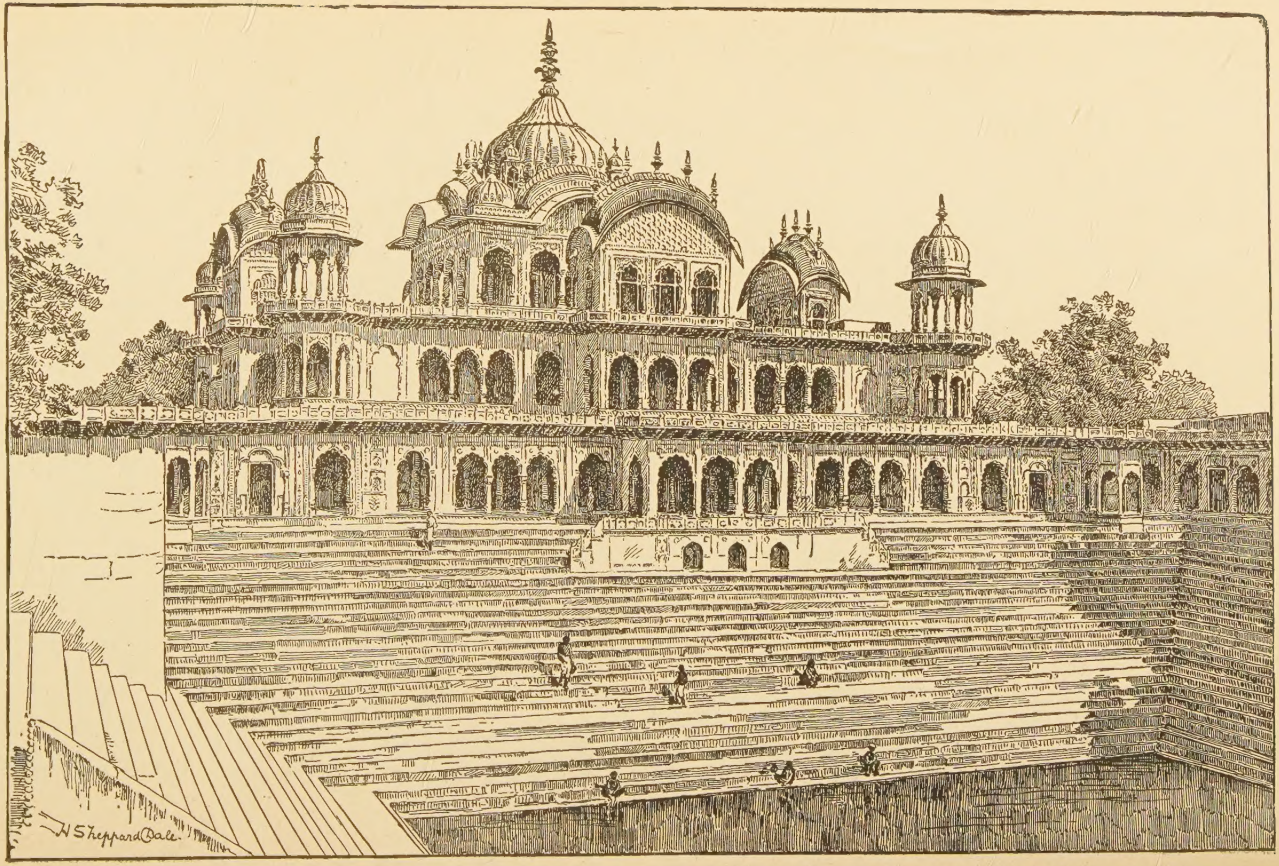
The great idol of German literature, the cold-blooded, selfish egotist, Goethe, our author severely criticises. Although his life was devoted to almost continuous self-indulgence, he yet said to Eckerman in his old age, "I have ever been esteemed one of fortune's chiefest favourites, yet truly there has been nothing but toil and care, and in my seventy-fifth year I may say I have never had four weeks of genuine pleasure." In this idol of the German people, though the head was of gold, yet the heart was of iron and the feet of clay. Nor is this severe judgment the mere Puritan idiosyncrasy of our critic. The famous Margaret Fuller Ossili remarks "that Goethe as a man was selfish, a debaucher and a well-bred epicurean who had little sympathy with what was highest in man so long as he could crown himself with rosebuds, we are willing to admit." His famous autobiographique of "Wilhelm Meister" our author describes as dull, prolix, low, grovelling, fleshly, loose-jointed, ill-schemed, invertebrate, dim, becloudded, enigmatical, self-complacently biographical, novel, with, of course, some passages worthy of its author's fame. On this book Carlyle gives the following judgment: "What a work! Bushels of dust and straw and feathers, with here and there a diamond of the first water!"

Of the famous "Faust" Mr. Wilkinson says: "The time will come when men will wonder that ever such a Heteroclite production imposed itself on several generations of readers, or rather of critics, as a true triumph of genius or art. The atmosphere of a mocking worldly wisdom pervades the work. There are reliefs in it of beauty and of pathos, there are passages of power, but if we were challenged to produce from 'Faust' a single elevated or noble sentiment, one generous expression, such as makes a man feel strong in speaking the truth. we should be compelled to confess ourselves at a loss." Does this seem a harsh judgment, opinionated by Philistine or Puritan narrowness? The great English poet Coleridge, who nobly translated Schiller's "Wallenstein," and "Piccolomini," under the immediate imminency of Goethe's living renown, on being urged to translate "Faust," wrote as follows: "I debated with myself whether it became my moral character to render into English, and so far lend my countenance to language, much of which I thought vulgar, licentious and blasphemous. I need not tell you that I never put pen to paper as a translater of 'Faust.'"

A much nobler spirit our author finds in Schiller, many of whose poems breathe the loftiest moral nobleness. His first play, "The Robbers," was a tremendous shock to German conservatism. One functionary solemnly declared that "had he been the Supreme Being, and had he foreknown that the world, if created, would have 'The Robbers' written in it, he would never have created the world."

These extracts will indicate that Professor Wilkinson's book is one of much educative value in introducing young people to a discriminating acquaintance with German classics.

The Minutes of the Spring Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church for 1891 makes a closely printed 8vo of 260 pages. It is not a book that one would read through for amusement, but it is a wonderful evidence of the growth of that body, with its many thousands of names and tabulated statistics of that Church.



SURAJ MALL'S CENOTAPH, GOVERDHAN.—*See page 528.*